VOL. CCXVI, No. 2820
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FEBRUARY 27, 1954

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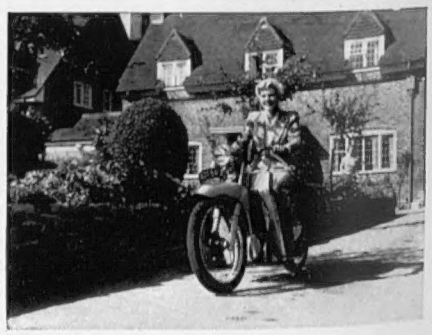

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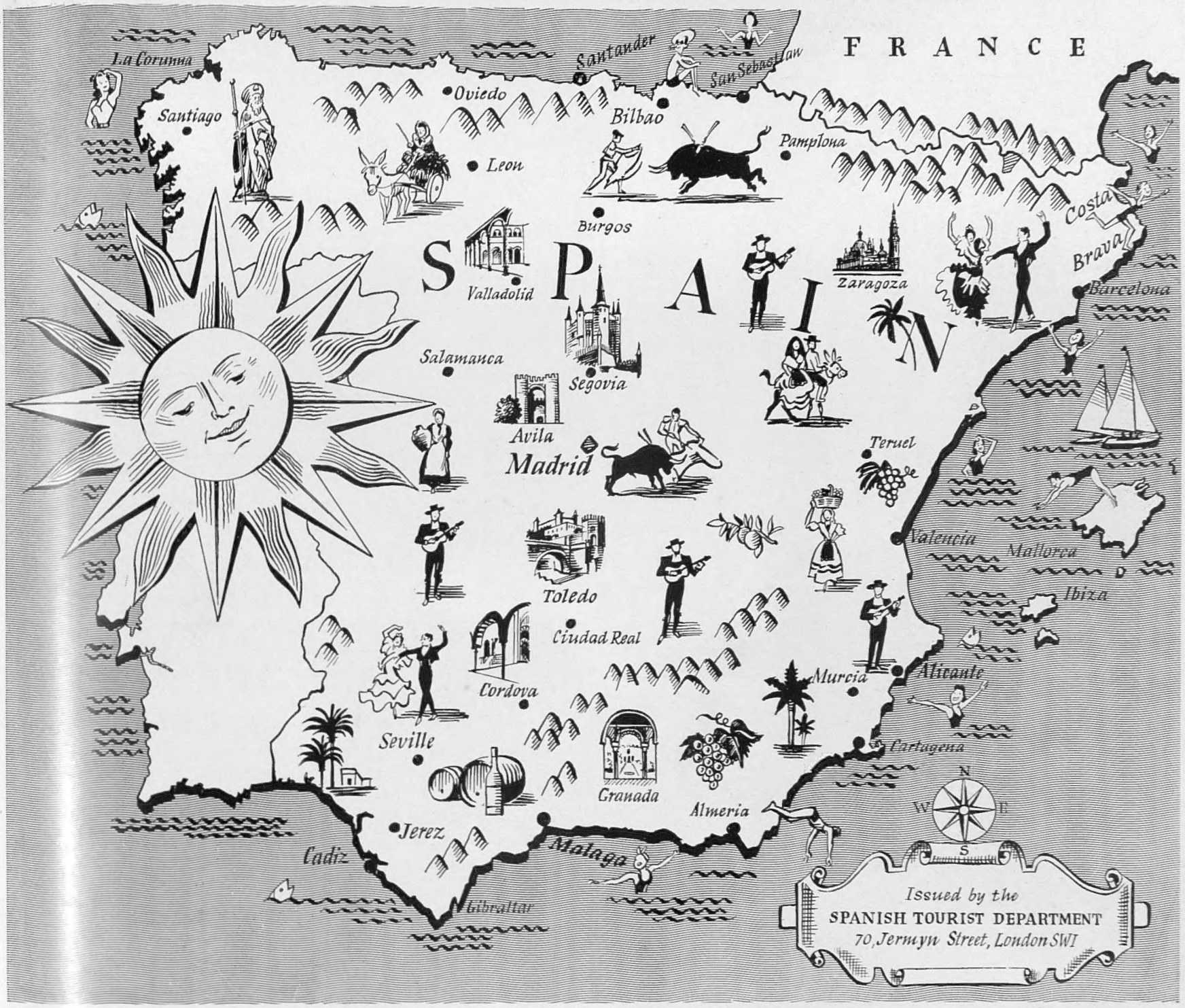

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Volume CCXVI No. 2820

The SPHERE, London, February 27, 1954

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

AN HISTORIC OCCASION IN CANBERRA—THE QUEEN, ENTHRONED IN THE SENATE CHAMBER, OPENS THE FEDERAL PARLIAMENT OF AUSTRALIA: Wearing her Coronation gown, she is seen seated in the chair of the President, Senator A. M. McMullin, with the Duke of Edinburgh on her left and the President on her right. The ceremony was one of the most notable occasions in the history of the capital, for it was the first time a reigning monarch had opened the Federal Parliament.

The ceremony of the opening of Parliament by the Queen was one of the briefest yet most colourful and solemn occasions in Canberra's short history. From the chair in the Senate which her father, as Duke of York, used just on twenty-seven years ago to open Federal Parliament's first sitting in Canberra, the Queen declared open the third session of the twentieth Commonwealth Parliament of Australia. It was a brilliant spectacle and although the Queen arranged to open the various State Parliaments in the Commonwealth, the ceremony marked the climax of the Royal tour in Australia. "It is clear," said the Queen, "that the events of to-day make a piece of history which fills me with deep pride and the most heartfelt pleasure." This great day at Canberra was a heavy one for the Queen, for in addition to opening Parliament she held an Investiture early in the morning at Government House and then received the Commonwealth High Commissioners and members of the Diplomatic Corps. Later she met the Members of Parliament and their wives, and reviewed a march-past of 6,000 Australian Servicemen. (See also pages 287 and 298.)

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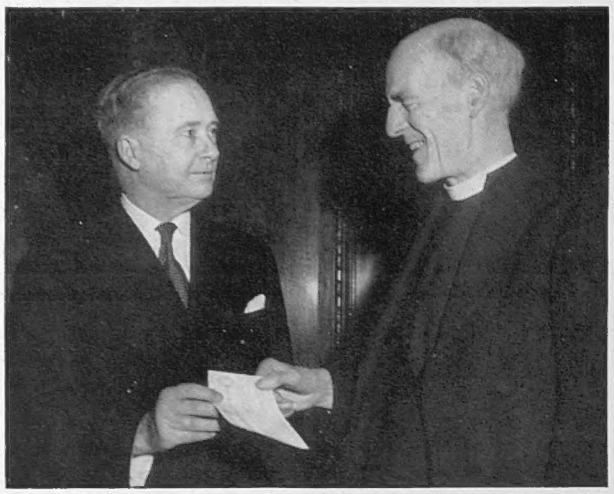
MORE SUPPORT FOR THE ABBEY



THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER RECEIVES A CHEQUE FROM THE AUSTRALIAN GOVERNMENT TOWARDS THE ABBEY RESTORATION FUND : The Very Rev. A. C. Don accepts the gift of £A5,000 from the High Commissioner, Sir Thomas White, at Australia House. In addition to the Government's gift there are indications that the public subscription in Australia will amount to £A50,000. The Abbey Restoration Fund for £1,000,000, which closed at the end of last year, is now within about £50,000 of its target.

SMOKING AND CANCER

THE HEALTH MINISTER TALKS ON CANCER OF THE LUNG : Mr. Iain McLeod (centre) is seen at a Press conference with Sir John Charles (left), Chief Medical Officer to the Ministry of Health, and Sir Harold Himsworth, Secretary of the Medical Research Council. They spoke on a report made to the Ministry of Health which found a possible connection between smoking and lung cancer. It was pointed out that between 1911 and 1919 there were about 250 deaths a year from lung cancer, whereas by 1951 the number had risen to 11,166 males and 2,081 females.

PRIZE FOR "UNKNOWN" PAINTER

THE CHANCELLOR'S WIFE PRESENTS A PRIZE : Mrs. R. A. Butler is seen in London talking to Cornish painter Peter Lanyon after giving him the "Critic's Prize," newly instituted by the British branch of the International Association of Art Critics. It is awarded annually to the best British painter or sculptor who has yet to establish a reputation.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE."

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *for dispatch to addresses at home and overseas can be sent direct to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for 12 months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire are £5 16s. 6d.; 6 months and Christmas Number, £3; 6 months without Christmas Number, £2 16s. 6d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are £5 14s., £2 19s. and £2 15s.; and for elsewhere Overseas £5 18s. 6d., £3 1s. 3d. and £2 17s. 6d. The terms are inclusive of postage.*

A London Newsletter

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Berlin Conference. — Seventy-six years ago "Dizzy" and Salisbury returned from Berlin bringing Peace with Honour, satisfied that they had checked Russia's advance to the Mediterranean either through Bulgaria or Asia Minor. If historians have called those diplomatic triumphs specious, at any rate their good effects were not ephemeral. Russia was the problem in 1878 as in 1954. No one supposes that Mr. Eden when he went to Berlin remembered or compared or thought to emulate "Dizzy's" triumphs. A man's private thoughts can never be known, for he never reveals them fully, but it would be interesting to know what expectation Mr. Eden nourished when he led his team out to Berlin. On paper the 1954 Conference appears a failure so complete as to be without historical parallel. It is a measure of the difference in diplomacy then and now that some success is claimed for the Berlin Conference of 1954 in the fact that the parties actually assembled round a table, listened to each other's views with some show of civilised restraint and parted without open recrimination or recourse to the long knives. In essentials, neither side budged an inch from principles which both sides regard as the irreducible minima. Delays in settlement are so frightfully costly to all concerned, so completely adverse to economic revival in civilisation, that the theory that time is on one side or another is not tenable economically. In diplomacy Russia has always been more willing to wait than the West. As far as war is concerned, the prospect receded a year or two ago and is probably no nearer again by the failure at Berlin. But it must be difficult for the Western statesmen to-day to make up their minds how to use their diplomatic resources in the near future or to decide generally where they go from here. Not, I hope, towards a Western Pact to use H-bombs against an aggressor.

No Relief.—A warm admirer or kind friend—if such I still possess—would certainly not choose to call me a financial expert or an optimist. Nevertheless, I shall "have a stab" at optimism and financial prophecy in relation to Mr. Butler's announcement about freezing purchase-tax reliefs in his coming Budget. He was right to be very serious about so unusual a pre-Budget announcement. As a political precedent, it is dangerous; as an economic expedient, it is sound, for continued uncertainty must have played havoc with our manufacturers and retailers. But I don't know that we must accept this announcement as a sure indication of return to the severest form of austerity Budgets. I dare to suggest that between now and Budget Day our national balance-sheet will look a good deal healthier than it does in February. It is wonderful what a big proportion of our national revenue is pulled in in the last weeks of the financial year, and I refuse to rule out the possibility that Mr. Butler may yet find it possible to assuage the bankers (and others) who have advised him that the crippling weight of direct taxation is the prime obstruction to capital saving and greater production. I refuse to reject the possibility of another token sixpence off income tax or some other form of relief in the most direct line of taxation. Forbear to stone me until Budget Day. Leave me those few weeks of foolish optimism. They are very rare with me.

The Dangers of Tobacco.—Calverley, in his "Ode to Tobacco," admitted that:

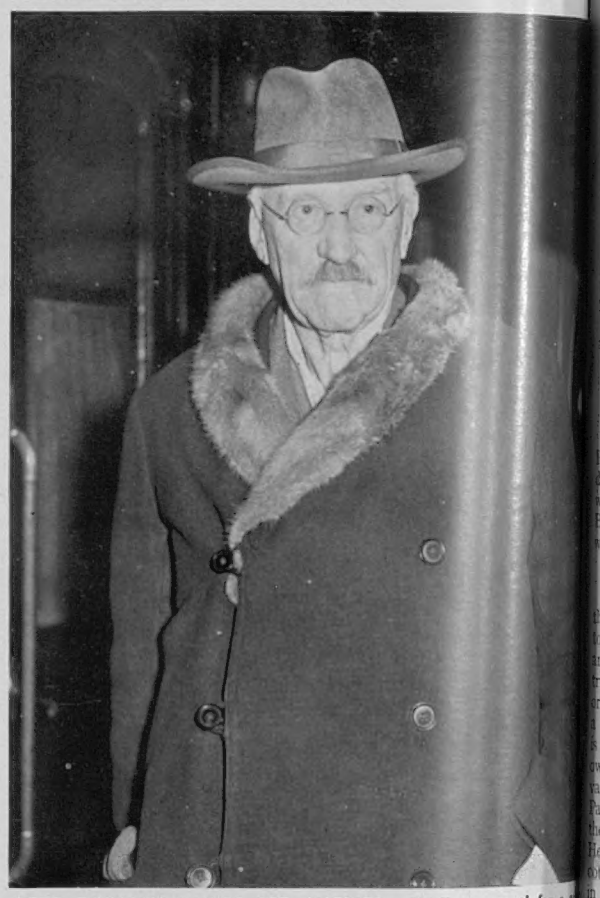
> Cats may have had their goose
> Cooked by tobacco juice;
> Still, why deny its use
> Thoughtfully taken?

I agree with him. We live dangerously and pleasures are few. I shall continue to smoke as I have done for fifty years. It was altruistic of the Government to allow the Health Minister to release his news about the potential danger of smoking when the Budget for 1954 is preparing. For Mr. Butler has few more useful means of balancing some sort of a Budget than his harvest from taxing tobacco. I shed no tear for the paper losses on 'Change of the tobacco barons. I think they "*réculent pour mieux sauter.*" If I had a few spare hundreds, I should jump in before the bears rush to cover and the tobacco shares soar again. For tobacco and beer will never go out of fashion, even for as long as black satin receded when Mrs. Manning chose it for her hanging frock. If you like smoking, you may as well die on the lung as on the roads or in the air. And I expect the Exchequer's harvest from the sale of tobacco will continue to grow with the road casualties. Cats—and men—*may* have had their goose cooked by tobacco juice. There are no doubts that they have them cooked in communal kitchens non-stop along the roads of Britain.

Loyalties—Scout and Communist.—I have seldom read a better-argued leader than that titled "Loyalties" in the *Daily Telegraph* of February 15. It was a model of restraint and close reasoning and a devastating answer to a muddle-minded and insincere defence of our "freedoms." I should be [illegible] last to say that Communism is totally devil's bro[illegible] but it is a brew grown putrid and poisonous w[illegible] lacings. If some of its original tenets were to be fou[illegible] in the Sermon on the Mount, the glosses of its politi[illegible] supporters have obliterated them. It is unwise [illegible] base your objection to a declared Communist rema[illegible] ing a Boy Scout on the argument that service to G[illegible] and service to the devil are incompatible or that o[illegible] is black and the other white. The whole basis of t[illegible] argument must demolish muddle-mindedness. It [illegible] exactly the same in the case of two reputable opposit[illegible] A conscientious objector cannot expect to be elect[illegible] to the Guards' Club, nor a Socialist M.P. to the Ca[illegible] ton. And it is unlikely that either would seek t[illegible] distinction. Why a modern Communist should wi[illegible] to be a Boy Scout, I do not know, unless for t[illegible] pleasure of notoriety or desire for martyrdom. B[illegible] a man or even a boy can't have it both ways. H[illegible] can't pledge loyalty to his Sovereign and employ eve[illegible] means in his power to overthrow the Monarchy. H[illegible] can't be both a good scout and a good Commu[illegible] any more than he can be a heavy drinker and a t[illegible] abstainer at a single session in his "local."

National Gardens Scheme.—The "sum[illegible] memories" of the summer of 1953 are neither vi[illegible] nor many. So far as I remember, summer beg[illegible] about November. Nevertheless, the "Garde[illegible] Scheme" flourished and the takings for the y[illegible] established a "new high"—£17,700 against the previ[illegible] record in 1952 of £16,800. All things considered this was a very encouraging result. The money nowadays is divided between the still surviving "missi[illegible] among retired Q.I.D.N. nurses—and there are s[illegible] very many whose pensions are totally inadequate[illegible] and the National Trust Gardens, which need all [illegible] support they can get. Once again Kent leads the w[illegible] with £1,600, unless you amalgamate the "two counties" of Sussex. East Sussex this year leads West Sussex in a combined total of £1,650. Surrey, Gloucester and Worcester, as usual, receive honourable mention, while the North Riding carries Yorkshire. Royal residences assist one or two other counties to good results. A few counties appear to be still virtually unorganised. It is organisation backed by enthusiasm which does the trick. I dare say there are still in England and Wales a hundred gardens well worth seeing, at 1s. whose owners from ignorance or diffidence fail to join in the good work and the delightful social interchange it encourages. The cocktail party may please others. Give me conversation with strangers in the glade of someone's pretty garden.

TRANSATLANTIC VOYAGER



LORD DUNSANY LEAVES FOR AMERICA : Well wrapped for a cold crossing, Lord Dunsany, poet, author, and dramatist, is seen boarding the boat-train at Waterloo before leaving for the United States in the *Queen Mary*.

Money Prizes and Cricket.—I [illegible] glad Mr. Aird restated that the M.C.C. does not recognise prizes for cricket. Cricket is already commercialised enough in some forms of club cricket, and County cricket is compelled to keep its eye on the gate as keenly as on the ball. But individuals, even Mr. Aird, may give a blessing to any scheme which will induce English batsmen to make centuries more quickly, bowlers to bowl to get wickets and fields[illegible]

to hold catches. For my part, I believe these things can be done without money prizes. I believe still that leadership is the solution. Those county and club teams which are led by captains not too seriously preoccupied with statistics and financial worries, can still be induced to play cricket lightheartedly, to remember that it is, or was, a game and not a business or an international problem, and can still be so handled that they enter the field with some of the fun and the keenness, fitness and will to win which inspired the Hambledon men of old. But these old players recognised what modern stars do not, that this summer game is a game for half the year. Nowadays, when the world has become the size of a shire, our stars are easily induced to play cricket all the year round, and their performance suffers from surfeit and staleness. The form of our Test players in the West Indies may, and no doubt will, improve as they acclimatise. At the moment they have diminished most sadly the newly-burnished shield of English Test cricket. The regained Ashes are blowing away, but it would be most unfair to minimise the power and skill of their opponents on grounds and under conditions they are familiar with, while our men are not.

Woburn and Chenies.—The vast fortune inherited by the eleventh Duke of Bedford is practically wiped out by the estate duties payable on the death of the twelfth. I suppose the last acres which the eleventh Duke could have endured in his younger days to have alienated from the family would have been the Park at Woburn, and Chenies, the Valhalla of the Russells, much as he loved Endsleigh. Nevertheless, the Park and its rare zoo may be offered to the Treasury in lieu of cash, and Chenies, 1,300 acres in Bucks, will be auctioned. The chances of a few weeks more or less in the twelfth Duke's death made all the difference. In early days the eleventh Duke and his Duchess much enjoyed fishing in the Chess and birding at Chenies, which they found far more interesting ornithologically than Woburn. But before *she* died, they had lost interest in Chenies, having seen the utter destruction of its amenities by the hand of man in the name of progress. Here are some quotations in point from the Duchess's diary:

1932. What was once the most beautiful village in England has now no such claim. . . . The Parish Council have surpassed themselves in vandalism."

1935. "Spent four nights at Sarratt Mill. . . . Hideous bungalows and little villas by the hundred . . . the lovely beechwoods laid low, winding lanes made straight to enable motorists to tear through country where there is no longer anything to linger for. . . . It will not be long now before National Reserves will be the only beautiful places."

Perhaps they had grown used to the idea of "knocking down" Chenies one day by public auction, an auction which presumably will reserve the Russell Chapel. But when the eleventh Duke succeeded, such an idea would have been unthinkable.

Jane Austen and Chawton.—The news that the Chawton Estate is up for sale is no surprise to the neighbourhood of Alton, but it is a current anxiety to Alton and the Jane Austen Society. It is true that the cottage in the village in which she wrote or polished the bulk of her few novels is secure and is a very lively and charming museum, but the setting is as important as the jewel. Chawton's big house, owned for centuries by the Knights, who owned also valuable property in Kent, including Godmersham Park, came to Jane's lucky brother Edward, whom the Knights of that day adopted and made their heir. He put his widowed mother and her sisters in the cottage. The manor house is a largish Tudor house in a fine park and is still in 2,000 acres of unspoilt country. If it falls to a land speculator, it may well become a building estate in the modern manner and all the charm of the setting, so little altered since 1800, may in a few years be lost in a maze of trunk roads, estate roads and planned groups of villas and small houses. Then Jane's cottage will be no more identifiable with her times than is Stratford-on-Avon with Shakespeare's. We must all pray that these days of austerity may still produce an investor in real estate who is content with agricultural profits and security. The big house is not of surpassing merit, though Jane Austen loved it. The Park in which she wandered is another matter.

THE OLD STAGER

SHOOTING THE FOX!—In THE SPHERE of February 6 the note to a picture of Sir Jocelyn Lucas's famous Sealyham pack described the large, mixed bag of the two shoots as including one fox. In this we were regrettably misled by the news agency which supplied the photograph. We are authoritatively informed that no fox was killed during the day.

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

HOW COLOUR TELEVISION WORKS

A Simple Explanation of the Latest Processes

THE "CUTTY SARK" REFITS FOR HER FINAL LAYING-UP

THE "CUTTY SARK" IS TOWED INTO THE EAST INDIA IMPORT DOCK: Her masts bare, the *Cutty Sark* is being towed in for reconditioning and re-rigging before taking up her permanent berth at Greenwich. Last April the Duke of Edinburgh, as patron of the *Cutty Sark* Preservation Society, took over the vessel from the Thames Nautical Training College; the appeal for £250,000 to preserve the ship as a memorial to the days of sail has now reached £170,000, contributed from all parts of the world. The *Cutty Sark*, built at Dumbarton in 1869, was one of the most famous of the sailing clippers. After a short period in the China tea trade, she was transferred to the Australian run and took part in the grain races. Her fastest passage was made in 1885, when she did the run from Sydney to London in seventy-three days; her best day's run was 363 miles.

THE HISTORIC CHURCHES PRESERVATION TRUST TO THE RESCUE IN HAMPSHIRE

THE LITTLE NORMAN CHURCH OF ST. MARY, ASHLEY, WHICH HAS JUST RECEIVED A GRANT TOWARDS REPAIR WORK: An exterior view of the little church, situated a few miles from the Cathedral city of Winchester, where an examination has revealed further deterioration following other repairs carried out a few years ago. The nave roof battens have rotted and the main timbers have been affected by woodworm. For the earlier work the parish, consisting of a population of sixty, raised £400, but on this occasion a grant of £300 is being made by the Historic Churches Preservation Trust towards the £450 required. The architect in charge of the restoration work is Mr. R. J. R. Sawyer, of Winchester. *On right*—Looking towards the altar and showing in the foreground the Purbeck-marble font, dating from the first quarter of the twelfth century, and the rare alms box, dating from the time of the first Queen Elizabeth. In the background is the very small twelfth-century chancel arch, flanked on each side by squints carved in the wall at a later date. The chancel was extended some time later in the twelfth century.

THE LAST DAY AT BERLIN

The Conference of the Four Foreign Ministers came to an End after nearly Four Weeks of Talks

The four Foreign Ministers finally dispersed after they had been in conference at Berlin for nearly a month. On the last day two points were agreed upon, and these proved to be the only tangible results of the conference. One was the decision to meet again in Geneva in April, together with Far Eastern delegates, in order to make a peace settlement in Korea and to try to stop fighting in Indo-China. The other point of agreement was the decision to exchange views later on a reduction in armaments.

The most disappointing feature of the conference was that no progress whatsoever was made on German unification or the Austrian peace treaty. To some extent it has left the Western Powers in the same position as they were at the beginning of the conference. On the other hand, Mr. Molotov's implacability on these points cannot but have strengthened the West's determination not to allow itself to be weakened by false hopes. The course of the conference must also have further enhanced the claims of the European Defence Community both in France and in Western Germany. If the optimists were disappointed at the results of the conference, it can at least be claimed that the Western Ministers now know definitely where they stand as regards the Soviet Union; while Mr. Molotov witnessed an impressive display of unity on the part of the Western Ministers.

THE FINAL MEETING OF THE FOREIGN MINISTERS: The conference room at the former Allied Control Council building in West Berlin on the last day of the talks. In the centre can be seen Mr. Molotov with the Soviet delegation, to whose right, sitting between them and the British delegation, is Dr. Figl, the Austrian Foreign Minister.

DR. FIGL PUTS ON A BRAVE FACE DESPITE HIS DISAPPOINTMENT: The Austrian Foreign Minister shaking hands with Mr. Molotov shortly before the beginning of the final meeting of Foreign Ministers. At this meeting Dr. Figl made a last appeal to the Soviet Foreign Minister to alter his attitude towards the Austrian peace treaty, but even further concessions to his views failed to move Mr. Molotov.

EAST BERLINERS DEMONSTRATE: Some of the 150,000 demonstrators from the Soviet Zone who gathered in the Unter den Linden. Their banners proclaimed support for Mr. Molotov's proposals at the Berlin Conference. Simultaneously anti-Communist trade unionists staged a "silent march" through the British Sector of Berlin.

THE AMERICAN SECRETARY OF STATE SAYS FAREWELL: Mr. John Foster Dulles delivering his farewell speech to the American colony and American troops in Berlin before returning to the United States. He declared that the Western Powers would continue to guard Berlin as the first frontier of Western freedom.

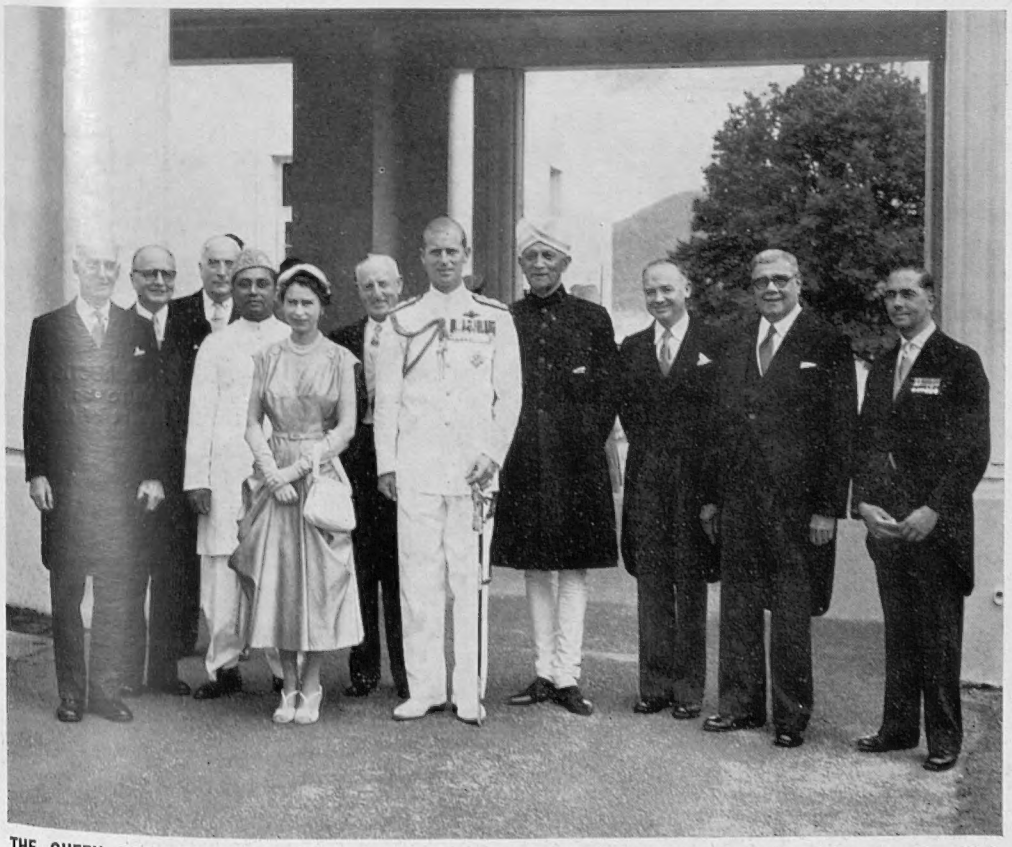
A FAREWELL RECEPTION FOR THE WESTERN MINISTERS: Dr. Walther Schreiber, Lord Mayor of Berlin, on right, with M. Bidault, Mr. Eden and Mr. Dulles at the Berlin City Hall. They were listening to a speech by the President of the City Assembly during a farewell reception for the three Western Foreign Ministers.

THE BRILLIANT SCENE IN THE SENATE CHAMBER AS THE QUEEN OPENED PARLIAMENT: Later, in moving the adoption of the Address, the Prime Minister, Mr. R. G. Menzies, said that although the Address was normally the signal for political debate, on this occasion it was the signal for the most moving and enduring unanimity that Parliament had ever seen.

ROYAL OCCASIONS IN AUSTRALIA'S CAPITAL

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh in Canberra

In addressing the members of both Houses of the Australian Federal Parliament, Her Majesty said that she came to Canberra not as a Queen from far away but as their Queen and a part of their Parliament. "In a real sense," the Queen said, "you are here as my colleagues, friends and advisers." Although it was a grey day, thousands of Canberra's citizens flocked along the Royal route from Government House to the temporary structure of Parliament House. The ceremonial followed the usual pattern for the opening of Parliament, and as soon as the Queen had taken her seat, Black Rod was despatched to summon the House of Representatives.



THE QUEEN RECEIVES THE HIGH COMMISSIONERS IN AUSTRALIA: From left to right are the High Commissioner for the U.K., Sir Stephen Holmes; Mr. W. Arthur Irwin (Canada); the Prime Minister of Australia; Mr. Habibur Rahman (Pakistan); the Queen; Mr. G. E. L. Alderton (New Zealand); the Duke of Edinburgh; General K. M. Cariappa (India); Mr. G. C. Nel (South Africa); Mr. J. Aubrey Martensz (Ceylon); and the Commissioner for Malta, Captain George F. L. Stivala.

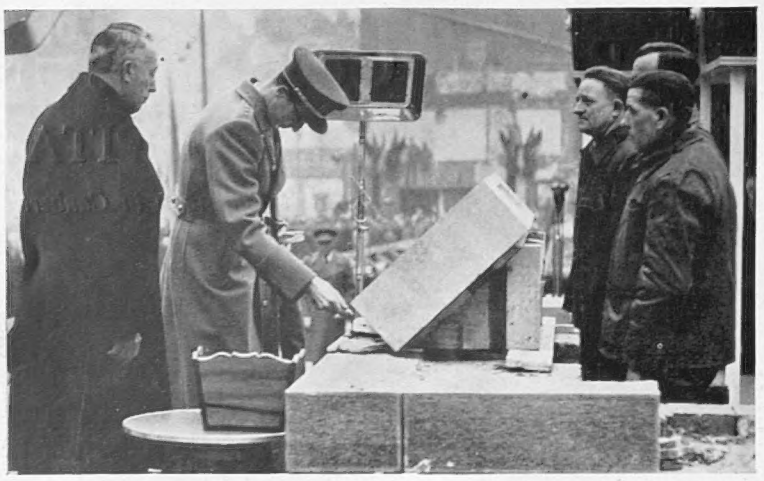
THE VISIT TO THE AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL IN THE FEDERAL CAPITAL: The Royal party are seen walking beside the Pool of Remembrance after leaving the Hall of Memory. The Queen laid a wreath at the memorial and then planted a tree marking the end of an avenue extending 190 miles from Sydney.

NEWS FROM THREE CONTINENTS

A Pictorial Survey of Recent Events in Europe, America and Africa

WINTER COMES TO THE NIAGARA FALLS—AN ICY PROSPECT FOR HONEY-MOONERS : The United States side of the great Falls, so popular with honeymooning couples from the east coast of America, is seen in its winter clothing. Snow and ice has piled up below the Falls and along the gorges. The winter on the east coast of America was followed by freak warm weather, and temperatures in New York soared.

AMERICAN TANKS FOR SPAIN : A tank is put ashore at Cartagena, watched by the United States Ambassador to Spain, Mr. James C. Dunn, and senior Spanish officials. It was part of the first shipment of military equipment for Spain under the Mutual Defence Assistance programme of foreign military aid. This shipment had come from New Orleans in the S.S. *Northwestern Victory*. On board were M.37 light and M.47 heavy tanks. There were also maintenance tools, artillery, motor transport and communications and electronic equipment.



THE KING OF THE BELGIANS LAYS THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF A NEW LIBRARY IN BRUSSELS : King Baudouin performing the ceremony at the Bibliothèque Albertine. The new public library is being built in memory of King Albert, grandfather of King Baudouin. A parchment scroll commemorating the event was laid inside the foundation-stone.

THE SALE OF EX-KING FAROUK'S TREASURES BEGINS—THE STAMP AUCTION : A view of the principal reception room in the Koubbeh Palace in Cairo as the auction of ex-King Farouk's stamp collection began. This was the first part of the sale which is being held by the Egyptian Government to dispose of the former King's fabulous treasures. Despite Prince Farouk's threats to bring lawsuits against buyers of goods which had been confiscated after he was exiled, buying was brisk and prices were high. The sale of the stamps realised more than £135,000. *On left*—Mr. George Lee, centre, a British auctioneer who has worked in Cairo for thirty-five years, raises his gavel as the auction is about to begin. Behind stands an Egyptian officer who told the buyers from the United States, Canada, Britain, France and Italy, that the object of the sale was to restore to the Egyptian people money that their King had diverted to his private pleasures. The auctioneer invited bids in three different languages—Arabic, English and French.

THE STAMPS ARE PLACED READY FOR INSPECTION : Among the stamps later withdrawn from the sales were some early Egyptian and Sudanese issues described as "perfect forgeries."

THE MOST BELOVED MAN IN FRANCE—ABBÉ PIERRE DURING HIS CAMPAIGN FOR THE HOMELESS : The Abbé, who has roused France by his efforts to house the habitual homeless of Paris since the beginning of the recent cold spell, seen at work in Paris. *On right*—Abbé Pierre addressing a large crowd in a Parisian street after his radio appeal for shelter. During the cold weather, Abbé Pierre made numerous appeals through the Press and the radio for shelter and funds to succour the large army of men and women who were without a roof. People throughout France rallied to him. A hotel owner handed his building over to the Abbé, and thousands of parcels containing food and clothing have been arriving there daily. The Abbé also has an army of volunteer helpers, and businessmen have placed their cars at his disposal. Abbé Pierre, the son of a well-to-do family, became a Capuchin monk, bringing to the Order all his worldly goods. After the war, during which he had a fine Resistance record, he became a Member of Parliament

On left—

THE WORKER PRIEST, WHO IS THE SUBJECT OF A FRENCH ECCLESIASTICAL PROBLEM : A worker priest, standing beside his iron bedstead, celebrating Mass in a working man's lodging-house. Since the war a growing band of French priests has been working and living with the working men and women of France in an effort to "re-Christianise" them. Recently three French Cardinals went to the Vatican for guidance on their status, for it had been hinted that these worker priests, as they were known, had become influenced by their temporal environment and even tainted by Communism. The Papal advice was that the priests should be allowed to continue their priesthood provided that they were selected by their bishops and did not become full-time workers. Moreover, they were not to engage in Trade Union or political activities in future.

On right—

THE CZECH PRESIDENT RE-EMERGES : Mr. Antonin Zapotocky and his wife during their holiday at Vysoke-nad-Jizerov (Hochstadt), in Northern Bohemia. This rare picture of the Czech President coincides with the news that he has been making a return to public life after an absence of two months through "illness."

EGYPT DEFENDS HER SUEZ CANAL POLICY AT THE SECURITY COUNCIL : Major-General Abdel Hamid Ghaleb, the Egyptian alternate delegate to the United Nations Security Council, putting his country's case in New York. *On right*—A general view of the session of the Security Council at which Israel demanded that Egypt should end her restrictions on shipping in the Suez Canal. The Egyptian delegate maintained his country's right to search ships passing through the Canal on the grounds that Egypt was still a belligerent country. He said that the armistice between Egypt and Israel had not ended the legal state of war between the two countries. Mr. Eban, replying for Israel, said that the Egyptian statement was much the same as in 1951, and that the blockade of Israel had since grown worse.

A MAU MAU INCIDENT

One Man Fights Off Twenty Armed Terrorists in the Ruiri District of Kenya

WHERE ONE MAN HELD OFF AN ATTACK BY TWENTY ARMED TERRORISTS IN KENYA: This is the farmhouse belonging to Mrs. Kathleen Nordlinger which was attacked by about twenty armed Mau Mau terrorists recently. Mr. Tony Strevens, aged twenty-one, repulsed the attack singlehanded. Also in the house were Mrs. Nordlinger's daughter and grandchild.

Mrs. Nordlinger's coffee farm is situated in the Ruiri district of Kenya, about 30 miles from Nairobi, and well away from any other dwelling. On the night of the attack, the household was asleep, apart from one Askari guard, who was quickly overpowered by the terrorists, who killed him and took his rifle. They then started firing at the house, rushing at it from all sides, screaming and blowing whistles. Mr. Strevens, who comes from Bromley, in Kent, and who has been in Kenya for only a year, was sleeping in a guest house some 50 yards from the main building where the women were sleeping. On hearing the noise, he grabbed his rifle and dashed across the open space to the main building where the women had already taken cover. Then, moving from window to window, he kept firing steadily at the Mau Mau for about half an hour until they withdrew. At one point, he had to dash back to his room to get some more ammunition.

MR. STREVENS TAKES PRECAUTIONS AGAINST FURTHER ATTACKS: The farm manager is seen inspecting a guard of Kenya Police Reserve Askaris, who have now been stationed at the farm buildings.

THE ONLY PEOPLE IN THE FARMHOUSE DURING THE ATTACK: Mrs. Nordlinger, who owns the farm, is seen with her daughter and granddaughter. Tony Strevens is seated on the arm of the settee.

SIR GERALD TEMPLER INSPECTS WOMEN MEMBERS OF A LOCAL HOME GUARD UNIT: *Below*—The women show their skill with a rifle. This Home Guard unit, which numbers fifty-three, has twelve women members, and is made up of villagers from Manjor, in the State of Kelantan. Since its formation last year, the unit has been most successful in fighting Communism.

The MALAYAN HOME GUARD

Sir Gerald Templer with Some of the Natives who Help Fight Communism

THE HIGH COMMISSIONER IN MALAYA CONGRATULATES ANOTHER HOME GUARD UNIT IN MALAYA: Sir Gerald Templer and his military assistant, Major Lord Wynford (extreme left), are seen with members of the Kinta Valley Home Guard. On the right of this picture is Wong Fook Seng, the commander of the unit. Sir Gerald congratulated the men for the part they played in capturing Communist terrorists.

Since Sir Gerald Templer took up the position of High Commissioner in Malaya early in 1952, great progress has been made in combating the menace of Communist terrorists. An important part has been played in this by the Malayan Home Guard units, which were first formed in 1939. The Home Guard, which now has about 210,000 members, is composed entirely of Malayan volunteers, many of them women. Some idea of the efficiency of these units can be gauged by the record of one of the units shown on this page. Before a Home Guard platoon was formed in the village of Manjor, in the State of Kelantan, the village was subjected to frequent raids by Communist terrorists. Since September there have been no raids in Manjor. The twelve women members of this platoon are aged between eighteen and thirty years.

A VIET-MINH PATROL, HIDING IN THE FOREST TO THE WEST OF DIEN BIEN PHU, IS ATTACKED FROM THE AIR: A Bearcat fighter has just dropped a napalm bomb on the patrol. The thickly-wooded hillside, sweeping down to the ricefield, is typical of the difficult country over which the Indo-China war is being fought. The Viet-Minh forces, led by Vo Nguyen Giap, a former teacher and a Doctor of Economics, are adept at striking in force one day and, on the next, silently stealing away, leaving no trace behind them. Dien Bien Phu is in the line of Viet-Minh's latest thrust into Laos, which has been threatening the capital, Luang Prabang.

Background to the News from

INDO-CHINA

A Guide to the Factions which make up the Anti-Communist Forces in Indo-China and the Problems which Divide Them

By Harry Hopkins

Last week French and Viet-Nam troops were waiting for the rebel Viet-Minh forces to attack Luang Prabang, capital of Laos, one of the Associated States of Indo-China. In the article below, Harry Hopkins, who recently spent several months touring South-East Asia and who has published a book on the area, paints in the background to this war, now in its eighth year. The Communist Viet-Minh rebels, aided by China, have now consolidated themselves over vast areas of the mountainous and partly unexplored interior of Indo-China. Their highly-mobile forces, led by a former teacher, Vo Nguyen Giap, strike swiftly and melt away back to the forests as swiftly again; their aim seems to be to neutralise the French and Viet-Nam forces by tying them down on a widely-scattered number of fronts. To oppose the Communist rebels there is no really united front; this article is a guide to the strange factions which make up Viet-Nam and the problems and mixed loyalties which divide them.

NO war was ever more obscure than the war in Indo-China, now in its eighth year; yet few have ever been more far-reaching in their consequences. In the West, Indo-China has been a running sore, both bleeding and poisoning France, contributing heavily to that chronic sense of insecurity and self-doubt that frustrates the rebuilding of Europe. The war absorbs almost one-third of her Budget, ties down six divisions of her Army, and costs her each year, in trained officers lost, more than one term's output of the St. Cyr Military Academy.

In the Far East itself, the effects are no less calamitous. For Indo-China—strategically vastly more important than Korea—is the gateway to the "golden peninsula" of South-East Asia, with its vast riches of tin, oil, rubber and other vital raw materials. This was the way the Japanese entered, in 1942, on their way to set up their "Co-prosperity Sphere." And now—as then—should the idea recur elsewhere—the debacle would be swift. Siam—where power rests on the narrowest base—would change colour with her usual chameleon rapidity; in Malaya, the "bandits" (and captured documents show how eagerly they look to the north) would emerge from their jungle hideouts; in Burma, the many varieties of malcontents would lay down "welcome" mats at her back door, opening on Siam and China.

The struggling, newly independent nations of South-East Asia need, above all, time and a climate of confidence to build their regimes. Instead, the war in Indo-China has confronted them, month after month, with the ever-present fear of being turned into "new Koreas," torn apart between East and West. To them, this fear is very real—and paralysing.

THE EMPEROR BAO DAI AND THE LATE GENERAL DE LATTRE DE TASSIGNY: They are seen inspecting some Moi tribesmen, who are among the most feared of Viet-Nam's troops.

PRINCE BUU LOC: Now Viet-Nam's Prime Minister, the Prince is seen in Paris, when he was received by the former President, Vincent Auriol.

Yet to most Asians the war in Indo-China still appears, not, as it does to the West, as a sector of a world fight against militant Communism, but simply as the old familiar "colonial war." To understand why this should be so, it is necessary to go back to the war's origins. We of the West are apt to forget them; Asians, never.

To Asians, the fall of Singapore was very much more than a military disaster. It was the collapse of a whole world. It meant that "Colonialism" was dead; that Asia's long twilight was over and Asia's dawn was about to appear. It meant that the lesson which the Japanese had begun, in 1905, with their defeat of Russia—a European Power—was finally concluded.

The Colonial Powers duly returned, after the war, to find the streets of South-East Asian cities ablaze with defiant banners and "People's Armies" hurriedly equipped by the defeated Japs, firing off fusillades of triumph. In Indo-China, the Declaration of Independence of the new-born sovereign nation of Viet-Nam was issued from Hanoi on September 2, 1945.

In being thus quick off the mark, the Vietnamese needed no urging from the Japs. Almost the last of the Asian peoples to fall under the "colonial yoke" (in the second half of the nineteenth century), this energetic and intelligent nation never acquired the submissiveness of a subject race. A long succession of revolts, often savagely repressed, fed the fires of their nationalism. They had been preparing and organising for a generation for the opportunity which finally came in the autumn of 1945.

Over the frontier, in China, a Viet-Minh (League for the Independence of Viet-Nam) Government was already in being, under the leadership of Ho Chi Minh, the "Grand Old Man" of Vietnamese Nationalism, a Moscow-trained revolutionary who had

(*Continued on following page*)

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BACKGROUND TO THE NEWS FROM INDO-CHINA

(*Continued from previous page*)

been in this struggle ever since, in 1919, an impoverished "photographer's assistant," he had hung around the corridors at Versailles to present to the Peace Conference a petition from his "oppressed people."

The result was that when General Leclerc and his victorious army, fresh from their triumphs on the Rhine, finally landed in Saigon, it was to find a Viet-Minh "Popular Front" in control in Hanoi and a National Assembly in session. Since Hanoi, under Potsdam, was in the Chinese Occupation Zone, the French could do little but accept this *fait accompli*. Negotiations with the "independent Government" were begun—and dragged on endlessly at Hanoi, at Dalat, on a cruiser off the Bay of Along, at Fontainebleau, in France.

The French, perhaps, out of touch since the war, did not fully comprehend the revolution that had come, overnight, to Asia; they were not ready for the radical solutions of a Mountbatten; and they were preoccupied with their new, complex and somewhat legalistic concept, "the French Union." On the Vietnamese side, there may have been Communist delegates who did not wish any agreement.

Bitterness grew. In Haiphong trouble broke out between the rival Vietnamese and French Customs. There was shooting. And punitive action. In the Viet-Minh "Popular Front," the more extreme and Communist elements began to gain control.

On December 19, 1945, in the towns of north and central Viet-Nam, armed Viet-Minh bands poured into the streets and launched a murderous attack on the French inhabitants. Dragging the terrified survivors along as hostages, scorching the earth as they went, they withdrew—30,000 strong—to the mountains. Armed truce had turned at last to open war—that strange, bitter, elusive war in the waterlogged rice-fields that has been going on now for eight years, and appears as far from a decision as ever.

American war material pours into Hanoi and Saigon—No. 1 priority after Korea for many months. French-Viet-Nam superiority in military aircraft is overwhelming. Yet, despite proclamations of victory from time to time, stalemate remains an obstinate fact. Why?

Part of the answer, certainly, must lie in the vast, wild terrain, mountainous and, in parts, even unexplored. The Viet-Minh can be denied most of the two "rice-bowl" deltas of the Red River and the Mekong. There remains an enormous area, well over half the country with a third of its people, where the Viet-Minh has been free to consolidate, at its leisure, a separate national territory, with its ministries and local administrations, its own currency, industries, foreign embassies and schools. A first generation of Viet-Minh-educated citizens is already growing up.

There is the big factor of Chinese aid: the Chinese "advisers," the training bases over the frontier, the Molotov trucks lumbering down the mountain roads from China, loaded with automatic rifles and machine-guns and mortars and recoilless cannon, including latest Skoda types. This has meant that an increase in French-Viet-Nam striking power has been matched by an increase on the Viet-Minh side. The scale of the war has steadily increased.

With Viet-Nam's nationalists, however, too dominating a "helping hand" would be a political liability, and according to a Viet-Minh personality who "came over" last year, the agreement with the Chinese provides that they would only intervene directly if the Viet-Minh forces were in danger of total destruction.

It is, nevertheless, just this vision of the Chinese armies pouring through the mountains like a great flood, sweeping all before it, that, not unnaturally, has kept many potential leaders on the Franco-Viet-Nam side from committing themselves. The French have a word for them: the "fence-sitters."

The leadership of the Viet-Minh, on the other hand, has often been of a calibre to match that of that wily old professional revolutionary, Ho Chi Minh, himself. The most remarkable instance is the Viet-Minh's Commander-in-Chief, Vo Nguyen Giap, a former teacher.

Giap, whose wife died in a French gaol and who is said to have lost his entire family in the struggle for independence, has the ruthlessness of a fanatical Communist. The French say that he studied his guerrilla warfare tactics in Lawrence of Arabia's *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*. However that may be, he has certainly been able to create one of the greatest irregular armies in history—a force now nearly 300,000 strong—which can one day strike with the most concentrated ferocity and, the next day, silently melt away, leaving no trace.

In the last analysis, it is the moral factor that is decisive. The Viet-Minh has been disciplined, united, strong in the conviction of the justice of its cause. After all, its leader, "Uncle Ho," was saluted on all sides as "the Father of the Nation." As such, indeed, he was fêted by the French themselves during the negotiations at Fontainebleau in 1946.

How then could he have become, overnight almost, a rebel, a traitor, an embodiment of all that was evil? Explanations were proffered, but to the Vietnamese they lacked conviction. The leaders of Viet-Nam remained uncertain, divided, distrustful both of the French and of each other, their often protested "independence" mocked, in the fevered eyes of all true nationalists, by the continued presence of French uniforms and French "advisers." No one could spend more than a couple of weeks in Viet-Nam without becoming aware how unhappy, bewildered and desperate their intellectuals were.

Nor did the aspect of Viet-Nam's "independent Government" do anything to rally the waverers. Its principal Ministers were not, on the whole, respected nationalists who had proved themselves in the long struggle for independence, but French-educated administrators and professional men who came predominantly from the old "assimilated" colony of Cochin-China (now South Viet-Nam), rather than from the more populous, impoverished and fiercely nationalistic Tonkin.

Mr. Tran Van Huu, for instance, was educated at a French lycée in Saigon, graduated as an agricultural engineer in Tunis, and, joining the French Colonial Service, became an inspector in the *Credit Foncier de l'Indochine*, a great land mortgage finance house. When he was named Prime Minister, he was a large, rice land-owner, with interests in many French Indo-China companies, and the tag—often attached to his name—of "the richest man in Indo-China."

His successor in the Premiership, M. Nguyen Van Tam, a former provincial official, educated in France, a holder of French decorations, earned his promotion by the terror he inspired as police chief of Saigon, and by his ruthlessness in suppressing dissidents as Minister of Security. Now he, in turn, has last month been superseded by Prince Buu Loc—a cousin of the Chief of State, the Emperor Bao-Dai.

Bao-Dai remains an enigma. His friends will insist that *Sa Majesté* is a patriot of patriots, that he is playing some very deep game which, one of these days, will be made manifest. For the merely Occidental observer, the game is too deep; to him it is apt to seem that *Sa Majesté* devotes a much larger portion of his time to yachting off Nahtrang or tiger-hunting at Dalat than in attempting to rally his unhappy people.

In any event, the old Imperial magic does not cast its spell beyond the narrow old Kingdom of Annam and its walled capital at Hué. To most modern-minded young Vietnamese nationalists, nurtured in France's Republican tradition, Emperors must seem a sad anachronism. Long threatening, the total bankruptcy of what the French, coaxing Bao-Dai from his Riviera villa, cynically called "the Bao-Dai experiment," may not now be very far distant.

Failing to rally behind it solid national support, the Viet-Nam Government in Saigon has had to rely on the uncertain backing of a quaint assortment of militant politico-religious communities, each with its own "zone," its galaxy of generals and colonels, its private army and insignia and, quite often, its own Minister in the Cabinet.

Among the most important are the Cao-Daists, with their 20,000-strong army and their capital and Holy City of Tay-Ninh, fifty miles north of Saigon. The Cao-Daist Great Temple there is something which has to be seen to be believed. Multi-coloured dragons with darting scarlet tongues writhe up the pillars of a vast marble hall. Lotus blossoms bloom in the stone grilles of the temple windows, from the centre of each of which stares out a gigantic painted human eye—the Universal Conscience, it is explained, of the Universal Cosmos.

An ingenious amalgam of Buddhism, Taoism and Confucianism, Cao-Daism, however, probably owes its rapid spread to its graftings from Rome and from Spiritualism—it has its Pope and Cardinals, and a wonderful veiled writing-machine, in fact, a planchette on which the properly qualified at intervals receive Messages from the Great Spirits of the Past; Shakespeare, Joan of Arc, Sun Yat-Sen and—a particular favourite—Victor Hugo are regular speakers.

Then there are the Hoa-Haos, whose maroon Buddhist flag flies over a large and important area round the western Mekong delta town of Cantho. Claiming 1,700,000 adherents and a regular army of 10,000 soldiers, the sect sprang up during the Japanese interregnum round a sickly young man of twenty, who had visions. "The Master" was kidnapped by the Viet-Minh, but the Hoa-Hao Government, with faintly Socialistic aspirations and a network of village committees, continues to flourish. Its most spectacular feature is its corps of girl soldiers, who parade in black trousers and smocks and flowing headdresses, flourishing gleaming long-handled pikes and swinging from their waists curving Japanese swords—for all the world as if they had just stepped from some Hollywood epic.

More prosaic, but of no less importance, are the representatives of Viet-Nam's 2,000,000 Catholics who bear arms in the Mekong delta under the fighting watchword "*Pro Deo et Patria*." And exotic as they may

AN AERIAL VIEW OF LUANG PRABANG, ROYAL CAPITAL OF LAOS: Now threatened by the latest thrust by Viet-Minh rebel forces, Luang Prabang is of little strategic but great propaganda importance. M. René Pleven, the French Minister of Defence, was in the city last week to watch the preparations for its defence. The Minister was there "with exceptional powers" to help the French High Command in its political offensive.

CONGRATULATIONS FOR A GENERAL: Marshal Juin congratulates General de Linares (right), one of the Army commanders in Indo-China, after decorating him during a visit last year.

THE GOVERNOR RETURNS TO THAKHEK: With his aide, he is seen questioning some of the inhabitants soon after French forces regained control. Thakhek, taken early in the Laos offensive, was later abandoned by Viet-Minh.

On left—

A MAP OF THE BATTLE AREA: The Viet-Minh forces have been able to consolidate large areas of the mountainous interior of Indo-China, some of which is unexplored. There they have a separate national territory with their own central and local governments, their own currency, industries and schools. Their forays against the French and Viet-Nam forces sometimes in considerable strength, are highly mobile, and their troops have the knack of disappearing as suddenly as they strike. The biggest thrust last week was towards Luang Prabang, but the Viet-Minh strategy is a will-o'-the-wisp one.

On right—

BOYS AT WAR: A very young wounded prisoner is led in by a Viet-Nam paratrooper who is scarcely any older.

IET-NAM PARATROOPS ATTACK AT HINE SIU: This picture was taken at the beginning of the Viet-Minh offensive in Central Laos. Parachutists were in action again last week to reinforce a post under heavy rebel pressure to the north of Luang Prabang.

WOUNDED GO OUT BY HELICOPTER: During the attack on Hine Siu, Viet-Nam wounded were flown out from the battle area. In the foreground lies a dead Viet-Minh soldier.

ELEPHANTS ON PATROL: The Third Cambodian Infantry Battalion regularly use elephants for patrol. In the jungle terrain elephants are particularly suitable.

TROOPS EMBARK FOR LAOS: As the 308 Viet-Minh Division, one of their best, advanced on Luang Prabang, Viet-Nam reinforcements were flown there to hold the city.

ppear to Western eyes, the leaders of these variegated ects are, on the whole, sincere nationalists, genuinely rganising and inspiring their peoples. They must, evertheless, remain a perilous foundation for any orking national government, pulled this way and that y their sectarian ambitions and jealousies.

There are, furthermore, other "free enterprise" rces, self-appointed Robin Hoods and their Merry en, whose activities are more dubious. It has long een a staple of Viet-Minh propaganda that the French ip nationalistic purpose with "the politics of corruption," and Saigon has certainly at times seemed to er excellent demonstrations of this axiom. The uction and luxury with which the innumerable governental "Excellencies" were cocooned contrasted ill ith the Cromwellian austerity affected by Viet-Minh aders, with their Land Reform and their "New Life" orality. Meanwhile, one of the sights of Cholon, aigon's Chinese twin-city, are the crowded tables of a Grande Monde—one of the biggest gambling haunts the Far East. At one period at least, the profits of a Grande Monde were going to "nourish" the free-nce "Army of Binh-Xuyen," commanded by a former olon "boss." Rumour extended the "nourishment" loftier political circles. For such was the diet of rrency rackets and financial scandals on which Viet-m was daily fed through her natal years.

Must, then, the French forces—supplemented per-ps by Americans—hold South-East Asia's gateway ever? Is no constructive solution in view?

Its first necessities are clear enough, but less easy to hieve. They are a wide-based, genuinely national vernment, based on free elections—and a disciplined, ified, national Army. The late General de Lattre Tassigny saw this last, at least, very clearly, and unched into the task with his usual verve, founding C.T.U.s and N.C.O.s' schools and impatiently harangug reluctant young middle-class Vietnamese on their ty to their Fatherland.

Nor have these efforts been without fruit. A year o it was announced that six Vietnamese divisions were formation, and that 85,000 regular soldiers, 50,000 erces and 4,000 Vietnamese officers had been trained. Last summer, a two-year period of national service was passed into law.

But, as a Cao-Daist General smilingly said to me: "Chiang Kai-Shek also had an army." Even as they passed through O.C.T.U., many young Vietnamese were torn by doubts and distrust. Are there any signs that the Vietnamese National Army will ever feel that it has anything to fight for, beyond its pay?

It is now, perhaps, possible to hope that there are. The last Prime Minister, Nguyen Van Tam, announced a "programme of socialist revolution," including land reform, rent limitation, a labour code, anti-corruption measures. Last year, municipal elections were held in 2,000 "pacified" townships and villages (out of around 20,000 in all Viet-Nam). Pressure for national elections is mounting.

It is a sign of the times, too, that almost the first official act of the new Premier, Prince Buu Loc, was to forbid the use of the title "Excellency," to order the sale by public auction of one-third of the Government's limousines, and to rule that Vietnamese, not French, should be used henceforth in all official correspondence.

These things, it is true, may have been largely gestures—yet they were gestures in the right direction. The crux—as ever—is "independence"—so often promised in florid speech after florid speech, so often proved illusory that distrust is now a near-fatal cancer.

Last October, a National Congress, forced by nationalist pressure, met in the Saigon Town Hall and there passed a resolution demanding secession from the French Union and the withdrawal of French troops. That was the authentic, so rarely heard, voice of the Vietnamese nation. Yet the dilemma it creates—at this stage—is obvious. Until the Vietnamese are, in fact, militarily strong, how can they, with prudence, in the middle of an exhausting war, be given the effective independence which is all they will now believe in? How, on the other hand, can they ever be strong, with French uniforms still visible at their side, belieing, in their eyes, their sovereign nation status?

The dilemma is real, yet a time may now be approaching when, from the exhaustion of both sides, and the patent futility of the struggle, a solution may present itself. For the case of Viet-Nam is not, at bottom, different from that of those more fortunate new nations of South-East Asia which fought and won their struggle for national independence after the war. Because of her nearness to China, her nationalist parties have reflected the ideological colourings of that country, but they have remained, none the less, first and foremost *Vietnamese* Nationalist parties—and such is still the situation on both sides of the nebulous battle-line, a battle-line which, but for the repressions of the French on one side and the Communists on the other, would not have endured.

In the labyrinthine politics of the East, appearance and reality are more than usually difficult to disentangle, but two facts do emerge. The first is that for most Vietnamese this has always been a peculiarly artificial and unnecessary war. The second conclusion is that for the West the only enduring defence against Chinese expansionism must lie in fully releasing and consolidating the forces of Nationalism in Indo-China, as through all South-East Asia.

A DEEP-SEA TRIUMPH

Two French Naval Officers Make a Record Ocean Descent of 13,287 *ft. off the West African Coast*

Early last week two French naval officers, Lieut.-Commander Georges Houot and Engineer Pierre-Henri Willm, broke the world record for an ocean descent by going down 13,287 ft. in a bathyscaphe at a spot about 120 miles off Dakar; there they had lunch on the bed of the Atlantic. They broke the record set up last October in the Mediterranean by Professor Auguste Piccard, but some consolation for Piccard was the fact that their bathyscaphe, the FNRS-3, had been built to his design.

The bathyscaphe consists of an observation sphere slung below a cigar-shaped tank containing petrol, lighter than the water it displaces, which provides buoyancy for the upward journey. Heavy iron weights, held in place by electro-magnets, act as ballast to drag the sphere down; a touch of a button releases them for the ascent. There are two propellers allowing for limited movement and, to withstand the enormous pressures at such depths, the walls of the sphere are built of steel 3½ ins. thick.

When they touched bottom the two officers examined the sea-bed by the light of their two 1,000-watt searchlights but saw nothing resembling Jules Verne's monsters.

THE BATHYSCAPHE RESURFACES OFF DAKAR AFTER A RECORD DIVE: By descending to a depth of 13,287 ft. in the French Navy's bathyscaphe, FNRS-3, Lieut.-Commander Houot and Engineer Officer Willm broke the world record for an ocean descent set up last October by Professor Piccard. They spent just over five hours in the depths.

HOUOT AND WILLM RECEIVE CONGRATULATIONS: Men from the escort vessels crowded on to the bathyscaphe to offer congratulations as soon as it surfaced. Though Professor Piccard lost his record, he shared in the triumph in that the bathyscaphe was of his design.

HOUOT, TRIUMPHANT, STANDS BY HIS CONNING-TOWER: The distance of the dive was roughly the same as the distance from St. Paul's to Marble Arch.

HOUOT AND WILLM ARE ROWED BACK TO THEIR PARENT SHIP: On the way down they reported seeing no out-of-the-way creatures. The sea-bed they landed on was hilly and the water was cold and cloudy.

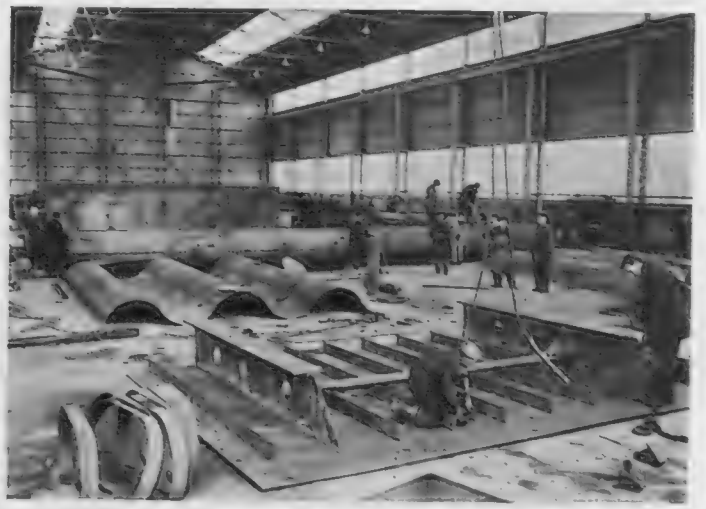
A VICTORY CELEBRATION: Houot, seen in the background between the scuttles, and Willm, next to him and wearing glasses, relax on board the submarine research ship *Elie Monnier*. On the sea-bed the pressure on their bathyscaphe was about 5,750 lb. a square inch.

THE KEEL OF A NEW SHIP IS LAID IN NEWPORT'S UNFINISHED DRY-DOCK: Large cranes lowering pieces of the flat keel into position in the Monmouthshire dry-dock which is itself still under construction. The keel is that of the first of two ships which are being built simultaneously with the new shipyard, the first in Wales for twenty-five years. The sections of the ships are prefabricated in near-by shops, and are then brought to the dry-dock, where they are welded together.

WELSH ENTERPRISE IN SHIPBUILDING

Two Vessels are Already Under Construction, while a New Shipyard is Being Built in Newport, Monmouthshire

AS THE SHIP TAKES SHAPE, SO DOES THE DOCK: A view of this double enterprise by the Atlantic Shipbuilding Company in Newport. The keel of one of the two ships is already laid in the dry-dock. The ships are of 3,000 tons each, and are designed to carry wood pulp for a Canadian company. Both the steel and the aluminium used for the vessels come from near-by works.



INSIDE THE NEW WORKSHOP WHERE SECTIONS OF THE SHIPS ARE PREFABRICATED: This shop was one of the first parts of the Newport shipyard to be built. Here the sections for the ships are assembled, and are then carried on bogies to the dry-dock.

Last November the Home Secretary and Minister for Welsh Affairs, Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, opened a remarkable new shipbuilding enterprise at Newport, Monmouthshire. On a 55-acre site on the west bank of the River Usk the Atlantic Shipbuilding Company were beginning to construct the first new shipyard in Wales for twenty-five years. But not content with that, the company was at the same time making a start on the construction of two vessels, both wood-pulp carriers, already ordered by a Canadian company.

The first part of this project was the building of a fitting-out shop and the dry-dock. In the shop work began on the prefabrication of sections of the ships which were under construction. As these were completed, they were carried on bogies to the half-completed dry-dock, where, by means of large cranes, they were placed into position. When the first ship has been welded together, she will be floated around into a fitting-out basin in Newport Docks. Meanwhile, as work continues on the new ships, the construction of the shipyard also grows apace. When that has been completed it is expected that a dry-dock will have been built large enough to construct prefabricated ships of up to 40,000 tons.

At first only sixty-one men were employed in the yards, but on the completion of the dry-dock, it is expected that some 400 people will find work. The steel and the aluminium come from Welsh works, and this great new enterprise is an encouraging sign for Welsh industry and for British shipbuilding as a whole.

"BRITANNIA" COMES SOUTH; "WORLD HARMONY" IS LAUNCHED

The Royal Yacht Prepares for Service; Britain's Biggest Tanker Named at Newcastle

The Royal yacht *Britannia*, which the Queen named and launched at John Brown's yard on the Clyde last year, will soon be preparing for her first trip in Royal service. After further trials in the Channel and a stay at Portsmouth, where her ship's company will be given Easter leave, she will sail for Tobruk to await the arrival of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh from their visits to other African territories following the tour of Australia and New Zealand.

The Royal and State apartments in the yacht are situated in the after part of the ship, and accommodation for the ship's officers and crew is forward. If the vessel were used as a hospital ship, which would be her function in the event of a war, the after end of the shelter deck could be adapted to receive helicopter ambulances.

Britannia has an overall length of 413 ft. and a continuous cruising speed of 21 knots. She is commanded by Vice-Admiral E. M. C. Abel Smith, who took up his appointment as Flag Officer Royal Yachts a year ago.

THE ROYAL YACHT "BRITANNIA" LEAVES THE FIRTH OF FORTH EN ROUTE TO THE SOUTH: The 4,700-ton vessel seen passing the bridge as she left Scotland.

"BRITANNIA" ARRIVES AT PORTLAND: The Royal yacht, which the Queen launched in April, 1953, seen at the end of her voyage from Scotland. She went to Portland for further trials before going on to Portsmouth for a stay of about six weeks.

On left—
THE LAUNCHING CEREMONY OF THE BIGGEST TANKER YET BUILT IN BRITAIN: The Duchess of Kent names the 33,000-ton tanker *World Harmony* at the Vickers-Armstrongs Naval yard at Walker-on-Tyne. The vessel, built for the Greek shipowner, Mr. Stavros S. Niarchos, of the World Tanker Corporation, will be engaged in bringing crude oil from the Persian Gulf for refining in this country. Her sister-ship, *World Enterprise*, was built at the same yard and launched in 1952. The *World Harmony* is 635 ft. long, 86 ft. broad and has a loaded draught of 34 ft. 5 ins. The propelling machinery, manufactured by the Parson Marine Steam Turbine Company, consists of a geared turbine driving a single screw.

"WORLD HARMONY" ENTERS HER ELEMENT: The newly-launched tanker seen shortly after the launching ceremony. While this was the largest tanker launched in Britain, Mr. Niarchos, the owner, in a speech at the ceremony said that next year Vickers would probably have built the largest in the world at Barrow. This new world's largest tanker would exceed by a fair margin the tonnage of the 45,000-ton *World Glory*, launched for the owners a short while ago at Massachusetts, U.S.A.

THE 22,000-TON "SAXONIA," FIRST OF THREE NEW CUNARDERS FOR TRANSATLANTIC SERVICE, ENTERS THE WATER: She is seen as she left the slipway at the Clydebank shipyard of John Brown and Co., after her launching by Lady Churchill. When she enters into service *Saxonia* will go nearly 1,000 miles up the St. Lawrence River to Montreal, instead of ending the Canadian run at Quebec.

For Transatlantic Service

A NEW CUNARDER TAKES THE WATER

Lady Churchill Names the "Saxonia" at the Launching Ceremony on the Clyde

Last week at John Brown and Company's famous shipyard at Clydebank, Lady Churchill launched the first of three new passenger ships, the *Saxonia*, that Cunard will use on the run to Montreal. When completed she will have a slightly shallower draught than most transatlantic ships in order to negotiate the Quebec bridges on her voyage up the St. Lawrence. She will carry 125 first-class and 800 tourist-class passengers. There will be a total of nine decks, and the ship will include new features of passenger-liner construction. One of these is a cinema, taking up three decks, which will be the first in any Cunarder to have a balcony. *Saxonia* is 608 ft. in length, with a beam of 80 ft. Her cruising speed will be about 20 knots.

At the launching ceremony it was stated that the liner had been built in the same berth as the *Queen Mary*. Had she been just 4,000 tons heavier she would have brought the total of Cunarders built at Clydebank up to 500,000 gross tons.

LADY CHURCHILL NAMES THE "SAXONIA" AND AT THE SAME TIME CUTS A CORD TO RELEASE THE TRADITIONAL BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE: She was accompanied on the launching platform by a distinguished gathering, which included the High Commissioner of Canada. Before the ceremony Lady Churchill and her daughter, Mrs. Christopher Soames, walked the full length of the ship.

THE GREAT "SAXONIA" HIGH AND DRY JUST BEFORE HER LAUNCHING: *Left*—In order to reduce the extent of roll at sea the vessel is fitted with Denny-Brown stabilisers, and this picture shows the starboard fin. *Saxonia* is the first Cunarder to incorporate this anti-rolling device at the time of building. *Right*—The stern view, showing the twin screws. Lady Churchill said she had been thrilled by the graceful lines of the ship. The *Saxonia* will make her maiden voyage in the late summer or early autumn.

ROYAL TRANSPORT

The Queen and the Duke Travel by Train, Plane, Car and Land-Rover through New South Wales

By the time the Queen leaves Fremantle at the close of her two-months tour of Australia she, and the Duke of Edinburgh, will have travelled 12,500 miles through the country—10,000 miles by air and 2,500 by road and rail. Even within the first week or so of their sojourn in New South Wales the Royal visitors covered many hundreds of miles by air, in addition to the long trips made by rail and road. First of all, during the initial hectic days in Sydney, came the drives through crowded streets and then longer trips by car to the outlying suburbs—each journey being made from Government House. Later, when the Royal party set out on their travels to the far corners of the State, the official train was brought into use, the first journey being made to Newcastle, the largest coal and steel port in the country. From there the Queen and the Duke began their air trips. The State train in N.S.W., normally used by the Governor-General when travelling through the State, has already conveyed the Queen's grandfather, father and uncles on official journeys, its service to members of the Royal Family dating back to the early days of the century. For last week's journey from Sydney to Hobart, Tasmania, the Queen made the trip in the *Gothic*.

THE QUEEN ACKNOWLEDGES GREETINGS FROM THE REAR OBSERVATION PLATFORM OF THE ROYAL TRAIN: She was just about to set out from Central Station, Sydney, on one of her journeys in the State of New South Wales. The Royal train in this State is the one used by King George V when he visited Australia at the beginning of the century.

THE RETURN TO SYDNEY BY AIR AFTER A TOUR OF THE STATE: The Queen, followed by the Duke of Edinburgh, alights from a Convair aircraft at Mascot Airport, after a two-day county tour, during which time she visited Newcastle, Casino, Lismore and Dubbo.

On left—

A LAND-ROVER PLAYS ITS PART: The Queen waves to assembled schoolchildren at Bathurst show-ground during her short visit to the town. The Queen and her husband have often used this form of transport when meeting schoolchildren both in Australia and in New Zealand.

Above—

THE QUEEN LEAVES HER CAR TO VISIT LEGACY HOUSE, SYDNEY: Despite the heat, the Royal visitors have driven in an open car on most occasions. Even when rain has fallen, the hood has remained down. The car is fitted with "better view" seats, enabling crowds to see and be seen more clearly.

On left—
1. "MRS. OSMUND FRANK, J.P." by STANLEY SPENCER, R.A.: This majestic example of the artist's portraiture was painted in 1951. Mr. Spencer, who was trained at the Slade School, was an official war artist in both World Wars. He has made himself famous by his subject pictures, which have aroused much controversy; also by his landscapes in pre-Raphaelite technique and by his intensely realised portraits.

On right—
2. "CONSTANT LAMBERT" by MICHAEL AYRTON: This portrait of the musician at the end of his life was painted three months after he died. Mr. Ayrton, who is thirty-three, is also a writer and broadcaster. Besides painting, he does designs for the theatre and the ballet.

CONTEMPORARY ENGLISH PAINTING

A Personal Survey

By R. H. WILENSKI

In this personal survey, Mr. Wilenski has selected the works of eighteen contemporary English painters whom he considers to be of outstanding merit. A noted critic, Mr. Wilenski is the author of the standard volume "English Painting," which will shortly be reissued with an added chapter on the Tate Gallery's later purchases

3. "SHOUTING MAN" by FRANCIS BACON: Mr. Bacon, who was born in Dublin, specialises in violently dramatic pictures which have won many admirers.

4. "EZRA POUND" by WYNDHAM LEWIS: This fine portrait of the American poet was painted early in 1939, and has now been acquired by the Tate Gallery. Mr. Lewis, who was born in 1884, is a veteran and was a leader among the advanced English painters. Unfortunately he has recently become almost blind.

MODERN English painting is very spirited and varied. It has not been so inspiring for the onlookers since the 1910's and 1920's. Scores of young painters are trying to break new ground; there are also many between forty and sixty who have kept their urge to explore and experiment; and some veterans are still concerned to produce "that something new which justifies an artist for his existence," though one such veteran, Wyndham Lewis, has now been forced to retire through almost total blindness.

English painters are chiefly interested now, as always, in people, drama, genre scenes and landscapes; and when they paint imaginative pictures, human themes and dramatic moods very frequently creep in. They are not, as a rule, subjective painters—they are not out consciously to talk about themselves; as sensitive Englishmen they find it "sort of shymaking" to regard their own minds and feelings as worth painting; they like to start, at any rate, by calling attention to somebody else's personality, to prospects or happenings around them, or to modes of feeling that they know to be widely shared.

Thus it comes that many English artists are happy painting portraits—commissioned portraits, where they get a satisfaction from their temporary "involvement" (as the young say) in the standards and circumstances of their cheque-writing sitters, and non-commissioned portraits, where they say what they want to say and salve their conscience by insisting that the other chap began it. In practice, of course, there is usually a conflict of aim between the sitter and the painter, a conflict resulting in a makeshift compromise which pleases neither one side nor the other; but sometimes the sitter has his way, and he then appears in the portrait as he thinks he looks when he thinks he looks his best; and sometimes the artist wins, and then we have a work of art which may also be intriguing as a portrait.

The three portraits reproduced here, *Ezra Pound* (No. 4), by WYNDHAM LEWIS, *Mrs. Osmund Frank, J.P.* (No. 1), by STANLEY SPENCER, and *Constant Lambert* (No. 2), by MICHAEL AYRTON, are all of the third type. In the first the sitter has completely surrendered at the outset; he has flung himself back in a comfortable chair, closed his eyes, and said to the artist: "This is your affair; get on with it." And Lewis has enjoyed himself making first a lively pattern with the curls of the bohemian dandy's light-umber hair and eyebrows, beard and moustaches, his grey-blue shirt, grey-black jacket and wide-open waistcoat, the glass and faience objects on the table, and the sea-green and earth-pink tints on the canvas used as a background—and then constructing the poet's features not as they appeared in some passing effect of light and shade, but as forms expressing the strange mixture of pettish pugnacity and fastidious refinement that he saw there. There was no question of a clash of will between the artist and the sitter when Lewis painted this picture, because the men had long been friends and intimates—Pound had published writings by Lewis in the *Little Review* (where he had also published early works by T. S. Eliot)—and they belonged at one time to the same corner of the London art world and shared its ideas and standards.

But the situation was different when Stanley Spencer painted the noble portrait *Mrs. Osmund Frank, J.P.*; for this lady is not in the world of art and letters; she is a professional psychiatrist of distinction and a magistrate; she commissioned Spencer to paint her portrait and, leaving the austere cottage where he normally works, he stayed in her comfortable house to do it; so the stage was set for a conflict. But no conflict happened, because the sitter evidently put herself into Spencer's hands as unreservedly as Pound had put himself into those of Lewis; she took her place, as he no doubt instructed her, in the chair where she sat in the evenings, in her watered-silk gown and coined bracelet, doing jigsaw puzzles (like the one shown in the foreground of the picture), and then Spencer got to work to tell us how scores of tiny factors, including apparent incongruities, coalesced there into one majestic image. Michael Ayrton's portrait of the musician *Constant Lambert*—which, incidentally, the National Portrait Gallery should buy—is a more romantic picture; here there was nothing to oppose the artist's will, as Lambert had been dead three months when the picture was painted; and it owes its quality, I think, to its character as an act of piety; for Ayrton had known him well and shared a house with him in 1949, and he used his memories and a group of drawings and an unfinished sketch to build this emotive record of the sickness that destroyed a man of fire and wit and sensibility.

There is drama in Ayrton's *Constant Lambert* and also in his *Figures in a Red Room* (No. 5),

Continued on following pages

CONTEMPORARY ENGLISH PAINTING

On left—

5. "FIGURES IN A RED ROOM" by MICHAEL AYRTON: This example of dramatic tension in English painting was the centrepiece in Mr. Ayrton's last exhibition at the Redfern Galleries. There is a grandeur in the stance of the woman which suggests that the artist may one day surprise us as a sculptor.

On right—

6. "INTERIOR NEAR PADDINGTON" by LUCIAN FREUD: This startling character study with dramatic implications belongs to the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool. Mr. Freud, a grandson of the psychologist, was born in 1922; he studied at art schools in London.

On left—

7. "THE SNAKE CHARMER" by JOHN ARMSTRONG: An example of imaginative genre painting. Mr. Armstrong, who is sixty, is a versatile designer of costumes and decors for films, plays and ballets. He has also painted murals for the Shell-Mex building. His pictures have been acquired by the Tate, Aberdeen and Birmingham Galleries.

On right—

8. "THE WEIR" by EDWARD MIDDLEDITCH: This is a powerful study by an artist who has recently been attracting much attention. Mr. Middleditch was born in 1923, and studied at the Regent Street Polytechnic and the Royal College. The Arts Council have bought one of his paintings for their collection from which pictures are lent to art exhibitions all over Great Britain.

9. "LA ROULETTE" by BRIAN MIDLANE: An engaging picture painted by a New Zealander who studied in Sydney. Mr. Midlane has been settled in London since his first successful exhibition (with his wife, Mollie Paxton) at the Leicester Galleries in 1948. He "cocks a snook" at the camera records of actual happenings.

(*Continued from previous page*)

which seems to me to illustrate the moment when Job's wife said to him in fury, "Dost thou still retain thine integrity? Curse God, and die." There is drama, too, in the *Interior Near Paddington* (No. 6), by LUCIAN FREUD (grandson of the psychologist); I do not know who posed for the young man in the ill-fitting mackintosh behind the plant in this most striking picture; he may be, in fact, some quiet and serious student of the arts and sciences; but as Freud has painted him he seems a passionate defiant, cornered by the points of bayonets, a fanatic at war with his environment. The drama in Freud's picture, whatever its meaning, is conveyed by implication; but the drama in FRANCIS BACON'S *Shouting Man* (No. 3) is obvious and rampant: this artist, who has admirers, had an exhibition recently where men screamed in agony or yelled in fury from every frame; the pictures were made to some extent æsthetic by tonal gradations and surface qualities of pigment; but the clamour was, none the less, disquieting.

In genre painting the artists, now as always, show us people at work or recreation in rooms or streets or in the countryside; and when they use a naturalistic light-and-shade technique they generally fail to impress us as things stand. For in front of such pictures every intelligent spectator asks himself the question: "How much of this could be done as well or better by the Press photographer or the man with the coloured cine-camera film?"; and by this test the painter in most cases seems an obsolete or obsolescent fellow, a kind of push-bike rider in a motor-cycle competition. But genre records can be of interest to-day when the artist paints not literal but imaginative genre scenes, or when he uses some technique with which the camera is unable to compete. Since 1850 painters have been making heroic efforts to construct a pictorial language wholly distinct from the light-and-shade records of the camera's language; and Cubism, of course, was partly one aspect of those efforts. Two genre pictures, for example, reproduced here, *Cantering to the Post* (No. 11), by WILLIAM ROBERTS, and *Lowestoft Harbour* (No. 10), by PRUNELLA CLOUGH, are painted in the Cubist language, the first in what may be called the "robot" idiom and the second, to some extent, in its angular "flat-pattern" manner. Roberts, who was much assisted by Wyndham Lewis in his early days, has applied his "robot" formula to many kinds of genre scene, and to some imaginary subjects; and this example, compact in design and resonant in colour, is a relatively recent work.

Prunella Clough, some fifteen years younger than Roberts, painted *Lowestoft Harbour* for the Arts Council's Festival of Britain "Sixty Paintings for 1951" Exhibition, and it held attention there as a well-knit, two-dimensional composition, with echoes of leaded stained-glass windows. *Hop-Picking* (No. 17), painted for the same exhibition by KEITH BAYNES, defeats the camera in a different way; for it reminds us that whereas the camera can leave out nothing, the artist can reject and select at will and suggest a complicated scene of action by a few related lines and tints and rhythms.

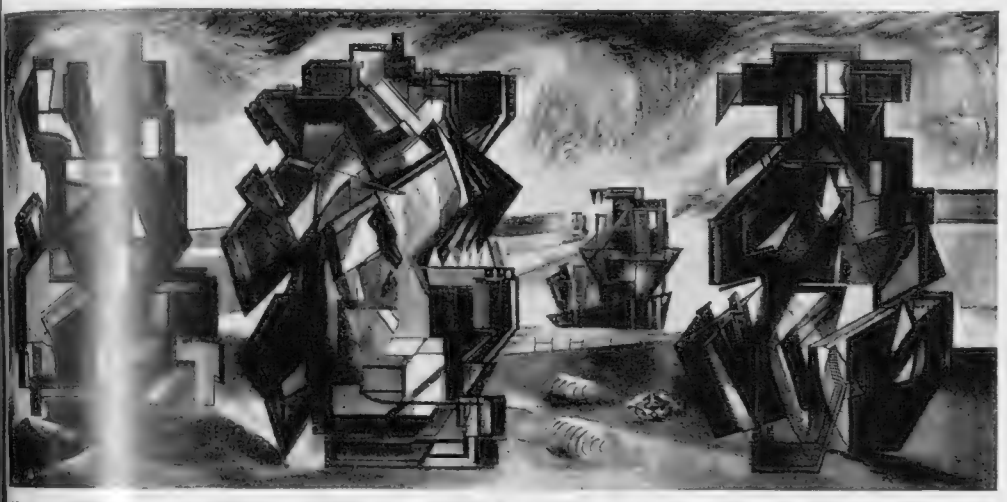
As examples of imaginative genre scenes we reproduce two pictures by BRIAN MIDLANE, *Michaelmas Fair at St. Saviour's, Pimlico* (No. 14), and *La Roulette* (No. 9), JOHN ARMSTRONG'S *The Snake Charmer* (No. 7), and STANLEY SPENCER'S *Marriage at Cana: Bride and Bridegroom* (No. 12). Brian Midlane, a young New Zealander, has let his pictorial fancy play in the grim streets of Pimlico, where he took a studio some years ago. In the first picture a street-fair near a grey London church has become a decorative fantasia in the style and spirit, and in the rich reds and blues and yellows of the paintings on the merry-go-rounds, and the ice-cream barrows at the fair itself. And the scene, thus re-created by an artist's eye, cocks a snook at the glass eyes of the Rolleiflexes and Leicas. A similar fancy in his other picture has transformed a prosaic villa to a doll's house; and more recently the artist has applied his magic to factory streets on the South Bank, to the City with St. Paul's, and to a West-End rising with strange turrets behind the duck-pond in St. James's Park.

John Armstrong, who has sometimes toyed half-seriously with surrealist conceits, is also a composer who can imagine a genre scene in poetic and decorative form; in his *Snake Charmer*, while one Oriental charms the cobra, another, prone upon the ground, has persuaded

10. "LOWESTOFT HARBOUR" by PRUNELLA CLOUGH: This painting is in the "flat-pattern" cubist style. Examples of Miss Clough's work are owned by the Arts Council and by the British Council.

11. "CANTERING TO THE POST" by WILLIAM ROBERTS: This picture is in the Tate Gallery. The artist has long been a leader of the "robot" school of English cubists and was once a member of the Wyndham Lewis Vorticists.

12. "MARRIAGE FEAST AT CANA—BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM" by STANLEY SPENCER, R.A.: This is one of Mr. Spencer's most recently completed works. In his article, Mr. Wilenski describes the artist as a singular and complex genius, and gives details of his methods in composing his religious pictures. His two largest works, "Resurrection" (Cookham) and "Resurrection" (Port Glasgow) are both in the Tate.



13. "INDUSTRIAL LANDSCAPE, 1952" by MERLYN EVANS: This neo-Vorticist picture was one of a number of works by this artist which were sent by the British Council to the Biennial Exhibition in Sao Paulo last year. Mr Evans studied in Glasgow and at the Royal College.

14. "MICHAELMAS FAIR AT ST. SAVIOUR'S, PIMLICO" by BRIAN MIDLANE: This picture is similar in style and spirit to the same artist's "La Roulette," which is shown on the opposite page. All Mr. Midlane's pictures are extremely rich and sonorous in colour.

a white mouse to stand on its hind legs; and the setting suggests an attic or one of the boxes in which the dolls in the Petroushka ballet come mysteriously to life. With Stanley Spencer's *Marriage at Cana: Bride and Bridegroom*, we move, of course, to a different plane, firstly, because Spencer is a singular and complex genius, and, secondly, because his genre compositions are all in the nature of episodes within large and elaborate illustrations of religious scenes, like the genre details in fifteenth-century religious pictures. In this case his mind's eye saw the miracle as happening at a present-day rural wedding, and he has made a dozen compositions of the feast in its several stages; in the stage reproduced here, the bride and bridegroom take their places at the table before the guests arrive; the cake is there, but most of the tables are still being laid; the young man pulls out the chair for his bride, and before sitting down she smooths out her skirt to keep it from creasing In another picture in this series the miracle is just being told [illegible] by a servant to other servants in their caps and aprons in the kitchen, where clothes are being ironed upon a clothes-horse, and the parents of a housemaid, who have just arrived to get some titbits from the banquet, are scraping mud from their boots upon the doormat. All the attitudes in Spencer's genre pictures have been vividly seen somewhere at some time, and miraculously remembered—for he never uses models and paints his compositions from drawings made in solitude; and there are often intervals of years between the observation of the actions, the recording in the drawings, and the final picture reconstructed from the drawings.

The diversity of style in contemporary English landscapes must strike all visitors to current art shows For some of the painters continue traditions launched by Wilson and Turner, or Constable and Crome; there are romantics inspired by Samuel Palmer, and many followers of the French Impressionists and Post-Impressionists and Cézanne; there are also English Fauve, Cubist, Abstract and Neo-realist landscape painters; and some original spirits who are able to digest acquaintance with far too many pictures of the near and distant past. From this diversity I reproduce six pictures: *Portmerion* (No. 15), by EDWARD WOLFE; *Reclamation* (No. 19), by JOHN TUNNARD; *Industrial Landscape* (No. 13), by MERLYN EVANS; *The Weir* (No. 8), by EDWARD MIDDLEDITCH; *Snowstorm: Spiral Motif in Black and White* (No. 20), by VICTOR PASMORE; and *Summer* 1953 (No. 16), by ALAN REYNOLDS. There is a decorative gaiety in Edward Wolfe's paintings which always reminds me that Renoir said: "The business of pictures is to decorate walls. They must therefore be as rich as one can possibly make them. I want a red to be sonorous, to ring like a bell; if it fails to do that I put other reds and other colours round it till it does." For Wolfe builds a picture in the first place as a pattern of gay colours extracted from the subject and he completes it with swift curling lines to give accent and definition. Born in South Africa, he lives in London, with frequent visits to Wales (as for this picture), to the South of France, Spain, Morocco, and other places; and these travels help him, because the impulse for his pictures comes always from a form-configuration that appealed to him in nature. The Abstract pictures by John Tunnard, who worked for some years as a textile designer for Tootal Broadhurst, are related in æsthetic to the French painter Ozenfant's Purist-Functionalism, which lies behind the architecture by Corbusier and the geometric style in modern furniture, and so on; and they thus make admirable panels for interiors in that style Tunnard starts, like Wolfe, from configurations seen in nature (in *Reclamation* he began perhaps with a beach and foreground pool, boats and posts and bollards); but this stage, for him, is just a springboard left behind when he begins to swim the estuary from the shore of nature to the shore of art; and once arrived there, from his notes and memories he takes us on a lyric flight through space where all is delicately symbolised by related planes and angles.

The *Industrial Landscape*, by Merlyn Evans, reminds me of the

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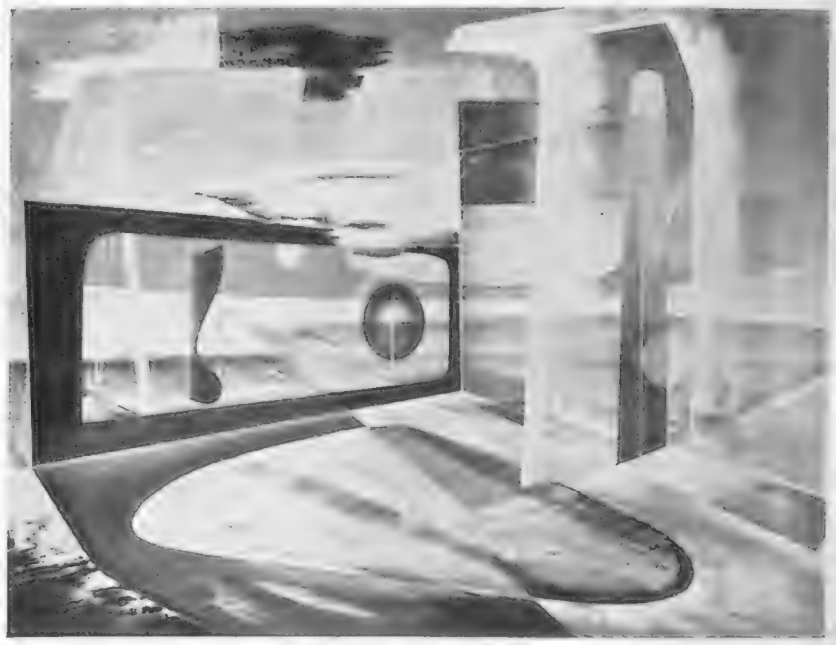
15. "PORTMERION" by EDWARD WOLFE: This picture, which can bring a dark room to life, was painted at the famous resort in North Wales, designed and built by Williams-Ellis. Mr. Wolfe, who was born in 1899, paints light-hearted landscapes marked by a gaiety of line and colour. He holds one-man shows at the Mayor Gallery and also exhibits with the London Group.

CONTEMPORARY ENGLISH PAINTING

16. "SUMMER 1953" by ALAN REYNOLDS: Mr. Reynolds, who was born in 1926, is a newcomer to the London art world. He has had three exhibitions at the Redfern Galleries and sold all the pictures. He went to the Woolwich Polytechnic, and has since been working for the most part at Shoreham, in Kent.

17. "HOP-PICKING" by KEITH BAYNES: This is a link between the post-Impressionist styles and the most recent developments in landscape painting. Recently Mr. Baynes has done a series of pictures of English ports. Another series shows the vineyards of France. All his landscapes are painted in the studio from drawings.

18. "STILL LIFE (BOCQUE)" by BEN NICHOLSON: This artist enjoys an international reputation as the most uncompromising of the English Abstract painters. Mr. Nicholson contributes to the British Pavilion at Venice this year.



19. "RECLAMATION" by JOHN TUNNARD: This painting, which was bought by the Tate Gallery some years ago with the Knapping Fund, is characteristic of the artist's compositions which are related to the "Corbusier" style.

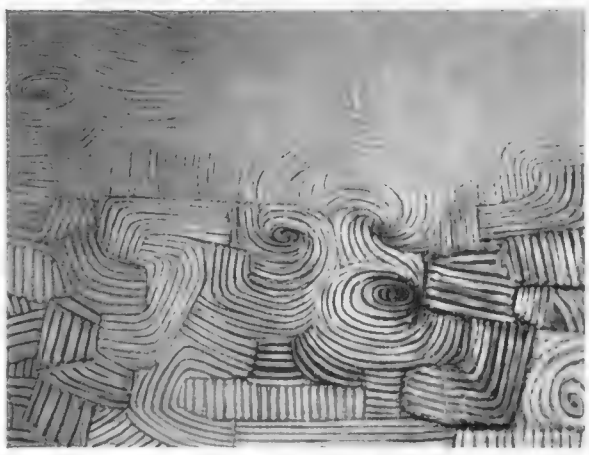
(*Concluded from previous page*)

fantastically symbolic cromlechs in a famous composition by Hieronymus Bosch; though superficially an affair of related planes and angles, like Tunnard's picture, it belongs to a different æsthetic, for Tunnard's picture is lyric architecture, while this one, at bottom, is a drama—as much a drama as Constable's vision of Stonehenge. This happens because Evans is a Neo-Vorticist, i.e., a follower of the Vorticist movement launched here in the quarterly called *Blast*, by Wyndham Lewis, ten years before Ozenfant launched his Purism in Paris; there were thrust-and-clash motifs and animate angles in the compositions by the Lewis Vorticists, because these artists, like the Futurists, were decoyed by the notion that they were in some way joined to the thrust-and-clash struggles of contemporary life, and in some way kin to contemporary machines with their snorting ardour. Thus the forms and angles in the industrial Stonehenge imaged by this Neo-Vorticist seem contorted by a human energy, and might symbolize as well four groups of industrial workers, or four industrial buildings or four throbbing, animate machines.

In *The Weir*, by Edward Middleditch, there is dualism of another kind; here we have a blend of formal and romantic interests or, rather, the juxtaposition of a passionate interest in the complex forms created by the falling water in the foreground, and a mild romantic interest in the landscape placed above. This artist is sometimes grouped among the Neo-Realists, who are concerned, we are told, to "break down the studio wall" and communicate with the world at large; and, if this be so, it is within the artist's aim in this keenly observed and vigorously painted foreground to give us a recognisable waterfall and not only its curves and stresses.

Victor Pasmore's *Snowdrift: Spiral Motif in Black and White*, also inspired in the first place by elemental movements, is frankly, on the other hand, an effort to discover some rhythms inherent in whirls and drifts experienced in a snowstorm and to set them down in semi-organic, semi-geometric symbols without regard to recognisability by others. And here we have the artist as conceived by Jean Cocteau, who told us in a recent broadcast that the artist must walk in solitude and let the limousines and lorries pass him and resist the impulse to hitch-hike. For Pasmore, who won success and reputation with sensitive figure pieces and genre scenes and landscapes, recognisable as such, left the comfort of that limousine behind him a number of years ago; and now he footslogs with high courage on the most exigent sector of the modern artist's road. The charming *Summer* 1953, by Alan Reynolds, strikes a balance in the centre of this diversity in English landscape painting. It is more an intimation of a landscape than a record or an abstraction; and its lyric quality recalls the later landscapes by Paul Nash. Reynolds, though still some years under thirty, has already captured, quite deservedly, a number of collectors. He has since worked much at Shoreham, in Kent, the shrine of Samuel Palmer.

The last two pictures are still-life subjects—*Bocque* (No. 18), by BEN NICHOLSON, and *The Round Table* (No. 21), by PATRICK HERON. In 1669 Pepys noted in his diary: "One Verelst did show us a little flowerpot of his drawing, the finest thing that ever I saw in my life, the drops of dew hanging on the leaves, so I was forced again and again to put my finger to it to feel whether my eyes were deceived or not"; and he would not have liked the still-life pieces shown here, which mean nothing by that test; but since they express with skill two aspects of our century's æsthetic, they please us, quite naturally, to-day.



20. "SNOWSTORM: SPIRAL MOTIF IN BLACK AND WHITE" by VICTOR PASMORE: One of the artist's later works in the Abstract style. Formerly a leader in the Euston Road Group of representational painters, Mr. Pasmore, who is forty-five, became a convert to Abstract painting five years ago.

21. "THE ROUND TABLE" by PATRICK HERON: A still life by an artist who ranks high among the younger Abstract painters. Mr. Heron was born in 1920, and studied at the Slade.

SWEDEN STAGES THE WORLD'S SKI CHAMPIONSHIPS

At Falun Last Week the Jumping and Cross-Country Titles were Contested

THE SKI-JUMP AT FALUN, SWEDEN: A general view of the course for jumping events in the world ski championships. In the combined jumping event Norwegian skiers filled five of the first six places. A Finn won the special jumping event.

The world's ski championships, the first events of which were held at Falun, Sweden, last week, is, by its title, the great occasion of the ski-ing year. Falun, a small town of 17,500 inhabitants, has been preparing for it since October 1951. Apart from its repute as a winter resort, Falun is also famed for its copper-mine, which was first worked 800 years ago, and is the oldest industrial enterprise in Sweden. It was mainly copper from this mine which financed the wars of Sweden's warrior king's during the seventeenth century.

Falun staged the jumping and cross-country events of the championships. It has an excellent jumping hill—Källviksbacken, the biggest in Sweden—from which Evert Karlsson made his record jump of 81.5 metres (268 ft.) in 1948. Matti Pietikaeinen, of Finland, who won the jumping title this year, did leaps of 251 and 256 ft., and was clearly ahead of the next man on points. The 30-kilometre cross-country race was won for the first time by a Russian, Vladimir Kusin; in previous years this event has been the monopoly of the Scandinavians. The remainder of the events—the slalom and downhill races—go on at Are, until March 7.

THE NEW WORLD SKI-JUMP CHAMPION IN ACTION: Matti Pietikaeinen won by a convincing margin, and gave a brilliant display. He had leaps of 251 and 256 ft.

THE FINISH OF A CROSS-COUNTRY RACE: Vladimir Kusin, of Russia, won the 30 kilometres cross-country by 26 secs.; two Finns were second and third out of fifty-nine starters.

THE SKI COURSE AT LUGNET, NEAR FALUN: This straight forms the starting and finishing points for the cross-country events; more than 25,000 spectators were there to watch them. Falun has been preparing for these championships since 1951.

A MID-AIR COLLISION: This brush took place at Holtekollen, near Copenhagen, when the new Danish ski-jump champion, Jappe Eriksen (left), did a demonstration twin jump. Eriksen fell, but was only slightly hurt.

CHARACTER—TRUE OR FALSE?

The Assessment of a Man's Life is Difficult to Recount in its True Perspective, and the Perfect Biography Remains to be Written

By JOHN GORE

THE INSOLUBLE RIDDLE OF A MAN'S TRUE CHARACTER.—Augustine Birrell qualified his memoir of Hazlitt with a profound, if trite observation: "How little is it we know of the character of a dead man we never saw!"

Sir H. Maxwell, when he reintroduced Creevey to his posterity in 1903, took up this truism and enlarged on it. He conceded that perhaps it was less difficult to get at the real nature of a public man through his public actions and contemporary reputation. Nevertheless, he argued, it is given to a few men of lesser importance in their day so to reveal themselves in correspondence or diaries as to leave a vivid and probably accurate impression of personality. And, although Maxwell had very little information to supply about Creevey, he cited him as such an one; a rarity.

I would not describe Creevey as the *locus classicus*. That place belongs to Pepys, as of right. Very few diarists and fewer letter-writers possessed the unblushing candour or honesty of Pepys. Creevey, no doubt, revealed unconsciously many of his minor weaknesses and one or two of his minor virtues, but even in his family letters he had an eye on posterity and was building up his own reputation, while Pepys, with his cipher and his unique candour, stands almost alone for self-revelation at its purest (if one may use the word). So much for the "dead man we never saw."

My purpose here is to examine the accuracy of our impressions of the characters of the relations and the friends we see constantly and have known from childhood to old age. As a biographer, I ask myself ruefully after a glance at my own efforts in biography, whether the riddle of a man's true character is easier to solve when the subject is one's oldest friend or nearest relation, or a man long dead whom we never saw.

Men's Secret Thoughts.—A legal luminary once spoke an *obiter dictum* from the Bench. "The thoughts of men are not triable," he said; and all concerned with witnesses in the box in a Court of Law would approve it as a truism.

The most trembling witness faced by the most ruthless cross-examiner must reveal much, but to the end can conceal more. His motives and his meanness may come out plain enough for practical purposes and for a jury's verdict, but the whole man is not revealed, with all his vices and what may remain as virtue under unknown handicaps.

"There (still) they alike in trembling hope repose—
—The bosom of his Father and his God."

The murderer may have poisoned his victim for vile revenge or the pettiest gain, and he is fit to be hanged by men, but not necessarily fit to be condemned by God. For even the longest murder trial did not cover the whole range of a man's life from birth to trial, or accurately balance or even determine the credits and debits of his career and chances, character and circumstances.

Who knows, when the coroner has summed up and the jury given its verdict, what form of "unbalance of mind" induced a suicide to take his own life? Thousands of sane men live shoulder to shoulder with us, fighting against and concealing, more or less successfully, phobias and mental terrors which all their lives they are ashamed to confess even to a doctor; and they pass their lives regarded as sane and ordinary men by their acquaintances, only criticised, perhaps, for minor unsocial characteristics which may well be the result of phobias which their friends would not understand even if described to them. I can recall a friend of my youth who gained a reputation for social independability and ill-manners. He would accept invitations to shoot or play cricket or for a hunt ball, and often fail to turn up at the eleventh hour.

Few of his friends would have believed in the cause of these lapses if they had come to know it, as decades afterwards I did. He was so far gone in claustrophobia that he could only travel by train if the coaches were corridor-ed, and often he was compelled to turn back at the station in an agony of disappointment. Having myself been a lifelong victim of his incurable disease, I was fully able to understand and to sympathise.

Here was a man whose character was assessed by his intimates most unjustly because without knowledge of vital factors; and in one way or another it is thus that many men's characters are assessed even by their intimates. I am more convinced than ever I was that success in public life is due more to *mens sana* and *corpus sanum* than to outstanding ability. First obituaries are usually unreliable, erring generally in two particulars. They are one-sided portraits and flattering portraits. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* is a generous principle, but not conducive to biographical or historical truth. The one-sided portrait of a public man is even more dangerous. The truth about him, the whole truth, is never available at the time of his death. His letters, diaries, the testimony of unknown or even known friends (for what it be worth), are not readily to hand, and the public man is usually first judged and catalogued on his public achievements, which may afford little light on the true nature of the man, with all respect to Herbert Maxwell.

The other day died a very notable legal luminary. It was confidently and almost unanimously asserted that he was "all brain and no heart," that he could not comprehend, let alone sympathise with, moral passion. Evidence from his private or family life might very likely modify that sweeping verdict which, in so far as all his obituary Press notices glorified his supreme judicial ability, was as a verdict a *non sequitur* or contradiction in terms. For certainly, if a lay magistrate or stipendiary can only do his work successfully by mixing humanity and human sympathy with judicial relevance, the chief luminaries of our judicature, if they are to maintain the reputation of our legal system, are positively compelled to banish sentimentality and concentrate on the cold, stark logic of evidence and case law. Often enough a judge of appeal must sacrifice his human sympathies or let his heart bleed in secret to maintain the strict letter of the Law he is there to administer. To say that such a judge is lacking in human sympathy is, or may be, to say that he did his job supremely well without thought of self.

Non-Proven Verdicts in Biography.—Perhaps no types of notables are less accurately assessed soon after they die than politicians and Service chiefs. Both types are then judged by their public achievements, careers and utterances, and both types have all their lives been boosted or decried in political controversy. Neither Robert Peel nor Ramsay MacDonald can be fairly and truthfully assessed and labelled by their actions in the middle 1840's or 1920's, and in the past two decades we have seen very contradictory and diverse portraits of Baldwin and Neville Chamberlain. Nor is there very much in common between the first obituaries of Haig and the latest portrait based on his private papers. These are a few haphazard instances out of many to hand. Yet even when every scintilla of evidence from public and private sources, from contemporary friends and cool acquaintances, is available, the use made of such evidences does not always produce a definitive picture.

No witness can depose to the man's private thoughts, seldom enough to mental and physical frailties which he may have endured and succeeded in concealing even from his doctors, and all too many biographers conceive that the elements of a true and complete picture of a public figure are preponderantly to be found in his public acts and utterances.

How far from the truth that is can be assessed in the re-reading of scores of modern "definitive" biographies of great churchmen, statesmen and soldiers. If their influence over their fellow-men is an article of their merits (and who can deny it?), half their biographies should be devoted to their private lives which remain vivid with life and colour, and no more than half to the controversies of their day in which they fought, and to their utterances, most of which are soon dead and dusty or long since outmoded or proved wrong.

Difficulty of Hero-Worship.—It is a misfortune that statesmen and politicians possess no learned society that can look after their welfare and reputations. If there were such a body, it would undoubtedly discourage the political memoir-writers from quoting the pronouncements and prophecies made to them privately by brother-politicians on the trend of events. What sorry prophets and ill-informed statesmen do many of Duff Cooper's contemporary pundits appear from his citations of their pronouncements at such times as Munich or in the course of the wars! We are made to tremble in retrospect at the blind leadership we "enjoyed" in our worst times of danger. Indeed, it is certainly these political memoir-writers who made it impossible for me to indulge in hero-worship at any stage of my life, least of all among politicians and public men.

I used to think my inability to worship at any such shrine was due to personal vanity or meanness. To-day I take a less jaundiced view of my powers of generosity and admiration. We don't know enough about any man to justify hero-worship.

The other day an old friend with whom I have corresponded constantly for forty-five years sent me back many well-ordered and dated packets of my letters to him since 1910. He was going through his archives before changing houses. I did not know he was a hoarder, and I felt a great distaste for disturbing my past, most of which was completely forgotten. But I fell to the temptation to glance back among these letters, much as a man takes a reluctant look at a street accident. I should be sorry, if I were a subject for biography, that my posterity judged me on these letters from youth to old age. Undoubtedly it is difficult to know oneself. Then how much more difficult for another to arrive at the truth! We alone at least are in the secret of our secret thoughts, and only the best of those are expressed in our letters and diaries, unless we are as rare as Pepys.

The biographers do not take sufficient count of the conditions under which letters are written or of the writer's object in writing them. More than that, few biographers allow enough for the change in a man's character taking place as a result of time and chance, the circumstances of health and environment, his career and the expediencies it forces on him. They can never know as much as their subject knew, and wild horses would not drag all that *he* knew out of him.

The Perfect Biography Not Yet Written.—Yet the subject of a biography is in possession of vital sources of information denied to even the most fortunate and careful biographer. He alone has the key to his private thoughts never uttered. So it is that the best biographers must for ever use labels titled by visual observation only. How many men who have made it a habit to go regularly to church on Sunday, or to read a psalm in bed, have been labelled religious men. If religion implies more than such mild outward forms or habits, which may be the result merely of tradition, superstition, or mere keeping up of appearances, the label is very casually applied.

I sometimes wonder whether, for example, a complicated character like Talleyrand or a simple character like George V, if they could have read their "definitive" biographies before they died, would have judged that their various biographers had painted them with all the warts and all the dimples which they themselves saw in their private mirrors of character.

I doubt it. It is hard enough for a man to know himself. It is impossible for another man to discover half the truth about him, the wife of her husband, the husband of his wife, the brother of his brother, the most intimate friend of his friend. For every man is a solitary and lives his life in a secret cave, and as he lives, he dies. The perfect biography remains to be written.

THE BATTLE TO PRESERVE A DOWNLAND SKYLINE

THE SUSSEX VILLAGE OF BISHOPSTONE, WHERE THE PROPOSED ERECTION OF ADDITIONAL BUNGALOWS MAY SPOIL THE LOCALITY AND THE SKYLINE, THE ESSENCE OF DOWNLAND BEAUTY: **This is the present view of the old village from the downs, but its beauty, and that of the skyline beyond it, may soon be spoiled, it is said, if permission is given for the erection of bungalows in the neighbourhood.** Already before the last war bungalows (*inset on left*) had been erected close to the village, but now the development company which built them is proposing to push ahead with further plans of construction reaching closer to Bishopstone and possibly occupying a prominent position on the skyline. It is this proposal which is being discussed at a public inquiry set up under the East Sussex County Plan at Lewes.

MUCH ADO ABOUT THE DOWNLAND VILLAGE OF DITCHLING: The north-to-south by-pass road, which has been the subject of a public enquiry at Lewes, would pass from the lower left-hand side of this view (taken from the slopes of Lodge Hill to the north of the village), past the pond (right, centre), and continue beyond the war memorial. The by-pass has been planned by the East Sussex County Council, but the final decision rests with the Minister of Housing and Local Government. So strong had been the local opposition that plans for another road passing from east to west had been withdrawn some time before the enquiry.

DITCHLING

Where the Sussex Villagers are Opposing the Construction of a By-Pass

Just before the war residents of the Sussex village of Ditchling successfully contested a proposal to create a building estate at the foot of the rising slopes of Lodge Hill. Last year they were confronted with another problem, and in view of their continued and united action the East Sussex County Council curtailed a local development plan for the construction of two by-pass roads—one from north to south and the other from east to west. The latter was deleted from the map while the other was to form the subject of a public enquiry at Lewes. It was proposed that this road should be about 1½ miles long and act as a diversion for the traffic on the main road to Brighton. It would pass on the Ditchling side of Lodge Hill and then cut straight through one corner of the village, close to the thirteenth-century church and pond and continue on past the war memorial. This, the residents claimed, would have spoiled the amenities and character of the village. So, with the support of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, the National Farmers' Union and others, they went to Lewes to plead for the adoption of an alternative plan. They suggested that a road farther west would be better, as this would pass through a section of the valley already being used for a housing estate. Although the county council would then need to construct an additional 473 yards of new road at a cost of £19,000, they would save £14,000 in compensation payments. But the county council said that the net engineering cost for their plan would be £21,400 less than that for the road proposed by the parish council.

DITCHLING VILLAGE POND, A FOCAL-POINT IN THE PROPOSED SCHEME: The north-to-south by-pass road would pass close to this spot, thus depriving Ditchling of much of its charm as a quiet downland village.

QUIET CORNERS IN THE VILLAGE OF DITCHLING: *Left*—The thirteenth-century parish church of St. Margaret, and, *on right*, the war memorial and, close by, the Paddock, where the South Down Hounds meet. The by-pass would act as a diversion for traffic on the main road to Brighton. As an alternative, local residents have suggested the construction of a road farther west which would disturb the minimum number of farms. The objection has been described as "no mere æsthetic affectation by a few people who have an exaggerated sense of the amenities of the village" but one "that springs from the deep-felt sincerity of the whole village."

THE DRAMA OF THE EXPLANATIONS TENT AT PANMUNJOM—PERSUASION AND DEFIANCE: This picture, only recently released by the Indian Ministry of Defence, conveys the pathos of the explanation sessions which were held for recalcitrant prisoners of war in Korea. On left a Chinese officer, smiling ingratiatingly, "explains" to the anti-Communist prisoner standing between his Indian guards (right), who gestures defiantly. At the table in the background sit members of the Neutral Nations Repatriation Committee, who supervised the explanations. Out of some 40,000 prisoners who first refused repatriation, only a handful changed their minds.

THE LAST DAYS IN KOREA

With the End of Explanations and the Disposal of Unrepatriated Prisoners of War, the Indian Custodial Forces Return Home

Since last September four battalions of the Indian Army have been acting as Custodial Forces during the repatriation of prisoners of war in Korea. Now, after the disposal of the last of the recalcitrants, the Indians are returning home, having completed a thankless task with much ability and restraint. Under the command of Major-General Thorat, the Custodial Forces were responsible for the maintenance of order in the camps set up near Panmunjom for the many weeks of explanations. The troops also had to bring the prisoners of war who did not wish to be repatriated before the explainers. This proved sometimes to be an unenviable task, for while prisoners, especially North Koreans, hurled abuse at their Communist explainers, they had often to be physically restrained by up to four Indian soldiers to prevent them doing violence. Occasionally the Indian guards were kicked or even bitten for their pains.

SOUTH KOREAN PRISONERS BOUND FOR INDIA: An Indian officer directing two prisoners of war to the troopship at Inchon which took them to India. They were among the eighty-eight South Koreans who had refused repatriation to their country, but had elected to go to India with members of the Custodial Forces. Before they left, last-minute efforts were made by means of loud-speakers to persuade the South Koreans to remain in their own country.

Above and on left—

INDIAN TROOPS RETURN HOME: Members of the Indian Custodial Forces in Korea ready to board the troopship *Asturias* at Inchon. They were the first of four batches of troops to return after fulfilling their duties of guarding released prisoners of war during the explanations period since last September.

THE BLACKBURN BEVERLEY IN A MILITARY ROLE: The second prototype of the Blackburn Beverley freighter aircraft is seen flying low over the ground where it had just dropped a 25-pounder field gun by parachute from 1,000 ft.

FIELD GUNS from the SKY

A new British Aircraft makes possible the dropping of a 25-pounder Field Gun by Parachute

As was often proved in the war, the dropping of equipment and supplies to troops who have been cut off from normal land supply lines can be of inestimable value. Hitherto, British developments in this field have been limited by the capacity of the freighter aircraft used, but with the advent of the Blackburn Beverley, great advances are likely to be made in these tactics.

The pictures on this page were taken during an exercise held in Wiltshire recently, when a 25-pounder field gun was dropped from the Beverley. For this exercise, the clam-shaped rear doors of the aircraft were removed before leaving the airfield. When the time came for the release of the gun, a pilot parachute was trailed out of the opening, and this pulled the gun out.

AFTER THE DROP THE PARACHUTES FLOAT FREE: These are some of the eight parachutes by which the gun was lowered. On landing, they are automatically freed from the gun by a quick-release rod.

THE GUN IS INSPECTED AND FOUND IN GOOD ORDER: This is the gun that was dropped, complete with ammunition, from a height of 1,000 ft. It is roped and chained to a landing platform, and shock-absorbing pads are placed under the gun to prevent damage on landing.

THE GUN SWINGS IN MID-AIR: Supported by eight parachutes, the 25-pounder floats to earth. Hanging from the side of the platform is the parachute quick-release rod. Because of its weight-carrying abilities, and the wide rear entrance, the Beverley is the first British aircraft able to meet the demands of the Army in this field of activity.

FROM LONDON AND THE PROVINCES

A PICTORIAL SURVEY OF THE EVENTS OF THE WEEK

On left—

THE CABINET GETS A BEATING: Last week a man walked into Madame Tussaud's, whipped a hammer out of his brief-case, and began to beat the Cabinet's heads off. He managed to vent a considerable amount of political spleen before attendants seized him—in all about £1,000 worth, which was the official estimate of the total damage. The Home Secretary and the President of the Board of Trade are among the Ministers who will be temporarily absent from Madame Tussaud's Cabinet meetings; they will be replaced in about eight weeks. The Prime Minister was immediately given his old head, made in 1943. The picture shows one of the waxworks' artists examining the wreckage of Lord Leathers and Mr. Peter Thorneycroft.

TWO NEW KNIGHTS LEAVE FOR THEIR INVESTITURE: *On left*, Jacob Epstein is seen leaving his home in Hyde Park Gate accompanied by his daughter Esther, and, right of him, Miss Beth Lipkin, a Canadian concert pianist. The Queen Mother invested the famous American-born sculptor as a K.B.E. *On right*—George Robey, the Prime Minister of Mirth, now eighty-four, leaves his hotel to receive the accolade of knighthood.

BRITISH BUSINESSMEN RETURN FROM MOSCOW: Some of the delegation of thirty-three businessmen returned by air last week, still wearing the fur hats and fur-collared coats they needed in Moscow. The leader of the group, Mr. J. B. Scott (extreme left), said that they had obtained orders worth £16,000,000—mainly for tankers, machine tools and electrical equipment.

THE HOP POLE HOTEL AT TEWKESBURY FOR SALE: This famous fifteenth-century hotel is to be sold by auction in London next month. Still retaining the atmosphere of the old coaching inn, this hotel was made famous by Charles Dickens in *Pickwick Papers* when he wrote of Mr. Pickwick and his party dining there.

THE B.B.C. TRIES OUT ITS MOBILE TELEVISION CAMERA: This latest piece of television has, inside the van, sound and vision transmitters, a power unit and a gyro-compass-controlled aerial. It has been developed to bring typical outdoor events to viewers at short notice. Last week it made a successful maiden voyage in Piccadilly Circus.

THE TORRINGTON FARMERS' HUNT MEET AT FREMINGTON, IN DEVON : The hunt seen assembling. In the background are the Parish Church and Fremington House. The meet was held at the War Department's Amphibious Warfare Centre at Fremington, and was followed by many members of the forces stationed there.

THE SOUTH AND WEST WILTSHIRE HUNT MEET AT FROME : Mr. P. F. Thorn and Mrs. J. G. Morrison, the wife of the hunt master, seen moving off with the field. This was the first time that the hunt, which has what is believed to be the oldest pack of foxhounds in England, has met at Frome since the end of the war.

SCOUT GARLAND TELLS HIS STORY : Paul Garland, the Queen's Scout who has been dismissed from the Scouting Movement because of his active membership of the Communist Party, is seen talking to newspaper reporters at his home in Bath. The case of Paul Garland, which has caused much heated political and religious argument in many quarters, began when he accepted the chairmanship of the West of England Young Communist League, of which he had long been a member. Mr. J. L. Milligan, the County Scouting Commissioner, then announced that as the Young Communist League preached, among other things, anti-religious propaganda, Garland would be dismissed if he did not resign.

A SCENE FROM THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY BULLINGDON CLUB POINT-TO-POINT MEETING AT CROWELL, IN OXFORDSHIRE : Miss I. Croxon is seen on Mrs. C. Gaskell's Don Isle, as she won the Adjacent Hunt Ladies' Race. Last year Miss Croxon rode another of Mrs. Gaskell's horses to victory in the same race.

THE ORGAN RETURNS TO ST. JAMES'S, PICCADILLY : This famous Wren church, which was damaged in the war, is to be re-dedicated this summer, when it is hoped that the Queen will be present. The organ was originally in Whitehall Palace.

AN AERIAL VIEW OF A NEW SCHOOL AND PART OF THE ESTATE WHICH IT WILL SERVE : This is the school built on the Bellefields Housing Estate at Stoke Hill, near Guildford. The school was officially opened recently by Mr. G. H. R. Nugent, M.P. for Guildford. Built to accommodate 280 pupils, the school will cater for children aged between five and eleven years, and ample room has been allowed for sports fields.

A WELL-ORDERED HOUSING ESTATE IS BUILT AFTER THE DISASTER LAST CHRISTMAS: Progress is seen being made with the rebuilding of the village of Shek Kip Mei, Kowloon, on the Chinese mainland opposite Hong Kong. Last Christmas a disastrous fire rendered over 60,000 people homeless. The village had been inhabited mainly by squatters whose homes were ramshackle and hastily built. The problem of rehousing has given the authorities an opportunity to construct buildings of a quality unusual in Chinese villages. The work of reconstruction and rehousing is now proceeding rapidly, and about seventy families are moving into their new homes daily. At the time of the great fire, the Governor of Hong Kong, Sir Alexander Grantham, told the Legislative Council that much effort and money would be needed to fulfil the immediate plans for rebuilding in Kowloon, and added that the cost would be about £1,000,000.

AFTER KOWLOON'S CHRISTMAS FIRE

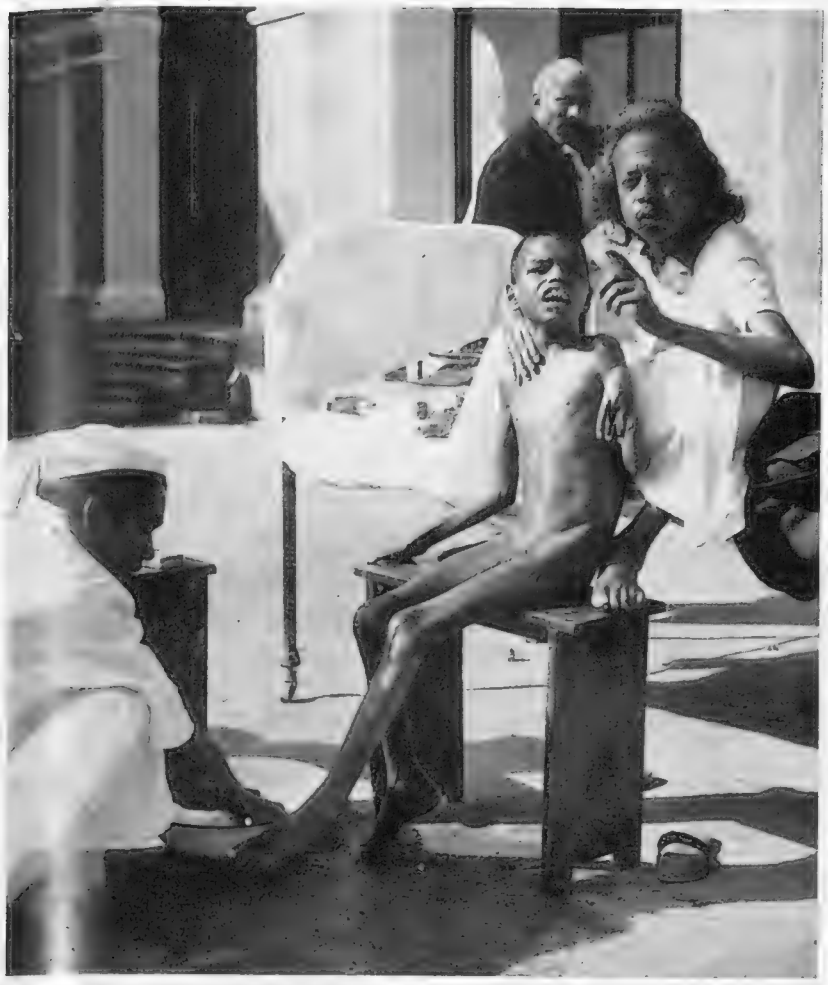
A Great Building Project is under way at Hong Kong to Resettle the 60,000 made Homeless last year

TWO-STOREY BUILDINGS UNDER CONSTRUCTION: Bricks and stone are used to build the new homes in the Kowloon village. Fires in squatter villages occur frequently, and it is hoped that these buildings will resist future conflagrations with more success.

A VAST RESETTLEMENT SCHEME TAKES SHAPE: Most of the 60,000 squatters made homeless in the Christmas fire were refugees from Communist China. Even before the Kowloon disaster the Hong Kong administration had been faced with a huge resettlement problem, and by last Christmas the monthly average of persons rehoused had fallen below 800.

The Wolf Boy from Uttar Pradesh

Found in a Railway Compartment, the Nine-year-old Boy is now being Coaxed Back to the Human Fold at the Balrampur Hospital, Lucknow

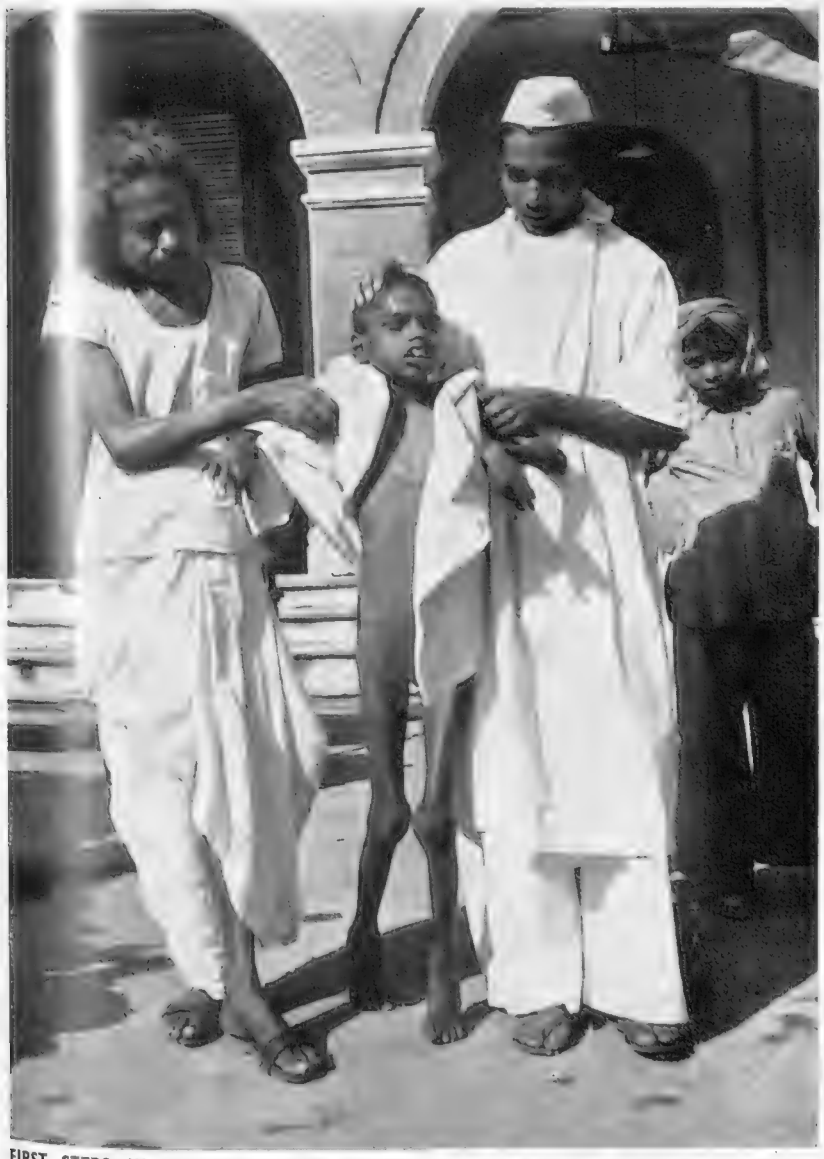


THE INDIAN "WOLF BOY" IS WASHED AND MASSAGED AT BALRAMPUR HOSPITAL, LUCKNOW: This nine-year-old boy, now called Ramu, was found in a railway compartment and is believed to have been brought up by wolves.

The strange little boy who was found recently in an Indian railway compartment is still believed by eminent authorities to have been brought up by wolves in the jungle of Uttar Pradesh. But the wolf boy is no romantic figure like Kipling's Mowgli; from walking on elbows and knees all his life he is badly crippled and it is doubtful if he will ever walk upright. His head and body are covered with scars, he can make no sound beyond animal noises, and he eats and drinks like an animal. He has been used to a diet of raw meat and in his upper jaw is a double set of teeth—the inner set being canine incisors well suited for tearing raw meat off bones.

It has been suggested that the boy is merely badly retarded and has escaped from the seclusion his family have been keeping him in; but Sir Philip Manson-Bahr, the expert on tropical diseases, is convinced that the boy was brought up by animals.

RAMU IS OFFERED SOME RAW MEAT: The wolf boy lies in bed most of the time, indifferent to his surroundings. He refuses normal food, but raw meat rouses him from his languor; at the smell of it he raises his hands and makes loud noises. His strong canine incisors are well adapted to tearing meat from a bone.



FIRST STEPS IN WALKING: Hitherto the boy has always moved on his elbows and knees; when found, the soles of his feet showed that he had never walked upright. He was very frightened and tried to bite his attendants.

THE WOLF BOY GOES ON SHOW: Some 12,000 people paid to see the wolf boy during his first month in hospital. They were let in in small batches and their admission money provided 800 rupees (about £60) for local charities.

On left—

A DRINK FOR RAMU: When milk or water is offered him, the wolf boy laps it with his tongue. Holding the bowl for him is Hari Shankar Shukla, who has been appointed the boy's foster-father.

ROMANY MISSION

The Work of Mr. William Larmour, of the London City Mission, who has been Preaching to Gypsies in the Home Counties for more than Twenty Years

THE MISSIONARY OFFERS A BIBLE TRACT TO GYPSY CHILDREN : Mr. William Larmour, the London City missionary who devotes himself to the welfare of the gypsy population in Southern England, among some of his younger charges. The gypsy children may not be very clean, but they look healthy enough.

TRANSLATING THE BIBLE INTO ROMANY : An eighty-three year-old gypsy woman listening to Mr. Larmour as he translates passages of the Bible into her own language. The onlookers are also evidently enjoying the experience. Mr. Larmour, an Ulsterman by birth, has learnt enough Romany to translate passages and to converse with the gypsies.

AN UNORTHODOX BUT PRACTICAL WAY OF MOUNTING : A young gypsy boy getting one of the ponies ready to harness to the caravan. Some gypsies are able to own a car.

SETTING OFF TO MEET HIS CHARGES : Mr. William Larmour on his motor-cycle outside the London City Mission before leaving on a tour of the Home Counties.

CARAVAN CONVERSATION : An old man pauses in his work on clothes-pegs to chat with Mr. Larmour at his caravan on the outskirts of London.

FOR nearly a century—ninety-six years, to be precise—the London City Mission has sent out one of its missionaries to preach the Gospel among gypsies: a strange and arduous undertaking.

But this task is relished by Mr. William Larmour, who has been doing it for over twenty years. When you ask him why he chose to work among the gypsies, he cannot give you a complete answer.

"I don't know. I just like them. They are a very lovable people. . . . Maybe it 's the Irish in me . . ."

Born in Belfast fifty-seven years ago, William Larmour grew up as an agnostic in religion and a Socialist in politics. On leaving school he was indentured as an apprentice in a shipyard engineering works. Soon after the outbreak of World War I he enlisted in the Ulster Division, camouflaging his real age so that he would be accepted. He was badly wounded in the groin on service in France in 1916, spent a long time in hospital, went on munition work, and then back into the Army, where he finished his engineering apprenticeship.

He returned to Belfast and began to earn his living as a journeyman turner. One of his workmates began to pass on to him the reports of the work of the London City Mission. Through them Bill Larmour was converted to belief in Christianity. This was in 1922. He decided he wanted to become a London City missionary. Application forms were filled in and sent off, but for two years he heard nothing.

A clergyman friend in Belfast was at this time urging him to join the Irish Church Mission, and almost to the day in 1924 that he was interviewed by that Roman Catholic organisation he received his reply from the London City Mission. To London he hastened, taking temporary leave of his wife and three young children until, eleven months later, they were able to join him and make their first London home in Kensal Rise.

For two years William Larmour was trained to be one of the London City Mission's 160 missionaries. He attended courses on theology, went out visiting in Clerkenwell, helped to run boys' clubs in Islington.

The London City Mission was established in 1835 and is a non-denominational religious organisation depending on the financial help of its members and supporters. Some twenty-nine years ago it sent out its new missionary, William Larmour, to work with the hop-pickers in Hampshire. Then and there it was that he had his first contact with the gypsies; and that is where his interest and affection for them was kindled—feelings that were and are clearly reciprocated.

For a while his contact with the gypsies was only once a year, in the hop-fields of Hampshire. Then the London City missionary to gypsies retired and Bill Larmour readily agreed to take on the job.

Nowadays, almost everywhere that gypsies are to be found in field encampments, along the roadsides or in houses in the Home Counties, you will find him talking with them, giving them illustrated tracts, reading the Bible to them. He keeps in touch with thousands and knows hundreds of them by name.

Several times a week he is off on his motor-cycle to travel from North Paddington, where he now lives, to see some of his gypsy flock in their camps at Belvedere, Colbrook, Datchet, Epping, Halls Cray, Iver, Langley, St. Mary Cray, Mitcham, Waltham Cross, Walthamstow and elsewhere.

To get to know them better and to bring them closer to his way of thinking he has taught himself the Romany language and often he will be the centre of a group of young and old gypsies as he translates into Romany some Biblical phrase.

His gentle Irish voice deepens with scorn as he derides those who claim to distinguish between "pure" gypsies" and the "half-breeds."

"There are good gypsies. There are bad gypsies. Some are spotless, some aren't. To me, anyone who leads the nomad-caravan-gypsy kind of life is a 'traveller'—that is what the gypsies call themselves." From his own observations he considers a "proper Romany" to be "the best listener in the world." The proper Romanies are simple, with no complexities whatsoever and incapable of understanding abstractions.

They call Mr. Larmour "the preacher." He says: "The true gypsy has the greatest respect for anybody [illegible]

ANOTHER MONEY-MAKING IDEA : Gilroy Smith making wooden flowers in his semi-permanent camp near Langley, in Hertfordshire.

MR. LARMOUR TRIES TO INTERCEDE WITH THE POLICE : The missionary with a policeman in a lay-by off a main road outside London, where a gypsy family had hoped to camp.

On left—
OFF THE ROAD THERE IS LITTLE WELCOME : This "Not Wanted" sign is displayed at an inn not far from a gypsy encampment.

SCHOOL FOR THE YOUNGER GENERATION : These children are healthy and well-fed, but they very rarely get a proper education. The roving life of their parents makes it difficult for their children to settle down, and educational authorities are loath to take responsibility.

THE TRADITIONAL GYPSY HOME : Highly polished door-knobs and watering-can greet the stranger at the threshold of this typical rather old-fashioned ornate caravan.

A STAPLE SOURCE OF INCOME : A gypsy seated on the floor of his caravan seen "chinning the cosh," the Romany term for clothes-pegging. While the womenfolk go out hawking, the men make these pegs from green branches.

self." Another of his firm convictions, based on long perience, is that all gypsy families want a settled e to live in winter-time, near a big town prefer- F. He has never met gypsies who didn't. To help n fulfil this longing, he has led deputations of them ee Members of Parliament and Government officials.

Coming across a small group of shabby caravans ed on a concrete "lay-by" in Western Avenue, Larmour stopped to talk with the "travellers." y had come the night before from Basingstoke, d they had been moved on by the police. They hoping, without much confidence, to be allowed to put for a while.

They wanted Mr. Larmour's help to find a place to where they could enjoy the right to stay. They ready to pay rent—£1 a week if necessary.

The "travellers" were poor, and their caravans little more than slums on wheels. They earned living in traditional gypsy ways. The women away hawking or collecting rags and bones; the were whittling clothes-pegs from new, green ches. When they could, they worked on farms. The sionary promised he would keep up the campaign permanent camps for the "travellers."

s he came back three-quarters of an hour later he a scene all too familiar to him. A police officer ing from caravan to caravan taking down names and warning the occupants to be "out of it in a couple of hours." He intervened on their behalf, but "out of it" they had to be.

The lack of settled sites and the search for seasonal work on farms—work which frequently means cheap labour for the farmer—only perpetuate illiteracy among the gypsies. "They can't read their own language, let alone ours," says Mr. Larmour.

He is very cautious in estimating how many gypsies he has converted to Christianity. "Every gypsy says 'I 'm not a religious man.' Yet an expression common among them is 'the Blessed Lord.'" As an adherent of practical Christianity, Mr. Larmour tries to help his people at all times and especially in times of trouble, such as the floods of 1947, when he was mainly instrumental in getting £4,000 from the Lord Mayor's Relief Fund to succour homeless gypsy families in Buckinghamshire.

"They 've all got souls to be saved as good as yours or mine," he told the chairman of the Eton Rural District Council when he applied for emergency aid for the afflicted gypsies.

Mr. Larmour now earns under £8 a week. If he had more money he would like to take an honours degree in Greek and Latin—in his spare time he has already won the Inter Arts Certificate in these subjects. The classics are a passion of his. "But I wouldn't give up my work with the gypsies," he declares.

"L" PLATES AND THE DRIVING TEST

Nearly One Million People Have Failed Their Test During the Past Five Years, But They Can Still Renew Their Provisional Licence

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

READERS who have failed their driving test may be able to glean a little consolation from the knowledge that they have shared the experience with nearly 1,000,000 other men and women drivers in England and Scotland in the last five years.

Fancy that! Nearly 1,000,000 people with "L" plates were told by official testers that they could not drive well enough, or did not know enough about the Highway Code to justify the issue of a licence.

It does not mean, of course, that they could not go on driving with "L" plates, as long as they are always accompanied in the car by a licensed driver. They can go on renewing their provisional licences indefinitely, and that to my mind makes nonsense of the whole thing.

In case you are interested in the figures, let me place on record that in England and Scotland during the five years ended March 31 last a total of 2,286,854 people submitted themselves to a driving test. Of this number, 920,443 failed. It means that four or five people in every ten — on an average — were "ploughed."

What a pity it is the Ministry of Transport refuses to give separate numbers for men and women candidates! What excellent material the information would provide for domestic disputation, whichever sex appeared in the more favourable light!

The Ministry has listed these weaknesses as being the most usual causes of failure: lack of knowledge of the Highway Code; late signalling, or no signals at all; lack of care at cross-roads and other road junctions; and cutting in at corners. The Ministry says the number of people applying for driving tests appears to be increasing all the time all over the country. One reason, of course, is the growing popularity of the cyclemotor engine.

There are some 460 full-time examiners, including five women, at 130 different centres, but anyone wishing to take a test has, on the average, to wait between four and six weeks. The Ministry is at present recruiting more examiners. They want to bring the total up to 500 at least.

I am sure you were disappointed with the Chancellor's statement on purchase tax. So were thousands of other motorists, who have been postponing the purchase of new cars in the expectation and hope that Mr. Butler would cut the present 50 per cent. tax.

In the last Budget he brought it down from 66⅔ per cent. and most people expected there would be further relief this year. Mr. Gresham Cooke, Director of the Society of Motor Manufacturers, has described Mr. Butler's decision as disappointing, but he also said the announcement had helped to "clear the air" a bit.

THE PRESENTATION OF THE FERODO TROPHY: Mr. William Lyons, chairman of Jaguar Cars, Ltd., seen holding the trophy after receiving it from the Duke of Richmond and Gordon. With him are Mr. Hugh Molson, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Transport (right), and Mr. Duncan Hamilton.

Driving down the Strand past Ingram House the other night something fell off my car with a tinkling noise. I stopped to investigate and found that while my car had been parked someone had driven into the front of it—probably in reverse—and had smashed one of the headlamp glasses. It was a piece of broken glass falling into the road that had drawn my attention to it. I mention the matter because when I called at my garage to have a new glass put in, I was greeted with the remark: "Sorry, sir, but it isn't as simple as that nowadays. You can't just have the glass replaced with these new-fangled 'sealed beam' jobs. You have to have a whole new front, reflector and all." And it cost me 14s. 6d., plus 6s. 2d. for a new bulb. Yet the reflector was not even scratched. Once upon a time I could have had a new lamp glass put in for about 6s. That's progress, I suppose!

One of the most important motoring announcements since I wrote my last lot of Notes was the Standard Motor Co.'s statement that from April it will be possible to buy the Vanguard saloon, estate car, pick-up or van with a Diesel engine.

It is the first time that a British production car has been offered with a compression-ignition engine, so it's an important milestone in British automobile history. The engine is basically the 2.1-litre 4-cylinder unit used in the Ferguson tractor. There are more than 36,000 of these Diesel tractors at work all over the world.

THE NEW AND CHEAPER SM 1500 SALOON: The car now costs £14 less than it did last year, and the Singer chief says that they are "passing on to the public, wherever possible, any reductions in the price of materials."

The Vanguard with the Diesel engine is 2 cwt. heavier than the petrol-engined version. That is because the engine itself is heavier and also because the chassis has had to be strengthened. Top speed is only about 55 to 60 miles an hour, but the Diesel Vanguard will normally do 40–45 m.p.g.

Basing their calculations on the experience of Diesel-engined London taxis, the Standard Co. claims that a motorist who travels 20,000 miles a year would save £125 per annum in fuel costs compared with the petrol-engined version.

So in two years you would save in fuel costs almost exactly the £255 extra you would have to pay (including purchase tax) for the Diesel-engined saloon or estate car. On actual list price it costs £180 extra in each case. Total price of the Diesel saloon is £1,042 (compared with the petrol-engined Vanguard's £787) and the new version of the estate car costs £1,152 (as against £897).

There could be no more deserving first winner of the new Ferodo Trophy than Mr. William Lyons, head of Jaguar Cars, Ltd. A panel presided over by the Duke of Richmond and Gordon awarded the handsome trophy to Jaguars for their victory in the 24-hours road race at Le Mans last June.

The trophy has been put up for annual award "for the outstanding British contribution to the sport of motor-car racing." No one will deny that the performance of Tony Rolt and Duncan Hamilton in their 3½-litre Jaguar made the judges' task fairly easy.

The Duke of Richmond handed the trophy to Mr. Lyons at the Dorchester in the hot glare of television arc-lamps which follow us around everywhere these days. After Mr. H. E. G. Harvey, of Ferodo, had announced the award the trumpeters of the Royal Horse Guards sounded a fanfare and a model of the triumphant Jaguar appeared in a gilt frame on the platform.

Ferodo Ltd. are famous for their brake linings, and it is an interesting commentary on the broadminded manner in which they have framed the conditions of the award that the winning Jaguar was fitted with disc brakes—made by another firm.

On February 2 Singer Motors cut the price of some of the optional extras offered on their SM 1500 saloon and Roadster models. You can now have real leather upholstery in the saloon for £17 17s. extra, including purchase tax. That is a reduction of £17 11s. 4d. Similarly, the extra charge for leather upholstery in the Roadster is now only £8 10s. This is a cut of £3 10s. 10d.

The SM 1500 saloon, fitted with a twin-carburettor engine, used to cost £922—all but a few pence—including tax. Now it is offered for £907 15s.—£14 less. Comment by Mr. A. E. Hunt, Singer chief: "We are passing on to the public, wherever possible, any reductions in the price of materials."

Did you notice that interesting case concerning the police car which went against the traffic lights and banged into another car, for whom the lights were green? It was heard at Marlborough Street and the police driver was fined £1 for driving without due care and attention. He was also fined 1s. for disobeying the traffic signal. The magistrate said: "Although the police must show every alertness in the discharge of their duties, they are no more—*vis-à-vis* the public—free from any controls than anybody else on the road."

The prosecution stated that the police car had received a radio message to go to the assistance of police officers who were arresting a violent prisoner in Wigmore Street. The policeman said he did not see the other car. Because of the emergency and because he thought the junction was clear, he accelerated against the light.

I went along to Car Mart Ltd.'s headquarters in London's Euston Road the other day to meet Mr. A. J. Rayment, chairman of the Company, on his return from the Rhodesias. He told me he had bought, on behalf of Car Mart, the controlling interest in two big motor firms out there. One has three garages in Northern Rhodesia. The other has three in Southern Rhodesia. Both were already agents for Austin cars, and although they will continue selling certain American makes, it is Mr. Rayment's aim to push Austin cars for all he is worth.

It is an interesting commercial move, this. It means that British car dealers are reaching out beyond Britain in an effort to increase their business. It is the first time a firm of U.K. distributors has bought a chain of garages in a British colony to sell British cars.

They say the police are getting a bit restive about the large number of cars parked in London all night without proper lights outside or near the owners' [illegible] or flat. Up to now it has been obvious the police [illegible] used "blind-eye" tactics, realising that in most cases the motorists cannot find anywhere close where they can put their cars under cover. But I must say some of these all-night parkers just ask for trouble. For instance, at eleven o'clock the other morning I saw a big car, covered with a sheet, parked at the side of a narrow part of Cromwell Road. A hurricane lamp which had been placed at the side of the car in place of proper parking lights was still burning! That, surely, is abusing police leniency. It is downright selfish.

It is still not legal, by the way, to use one of those single parking lights which are often to be seen attached to the roofs of cars, showing a white light to the front and a red one to the rear. The Minister of Transport has been authorised by Parliament to make a regulation legalising the use of these "night-lights," but he has not yet done so.

NEW MERCÉDÈS CARS FOR THE MOTOR EXHIBITION IN NEW YORK: These Mercédès-Benz sports cars, made by the German Daimler-Benz Company, are the improved, powerful Type 300-SL (*top*) and the 190-SL. The former has a 3-litre engine, with a top speed of 165·8 m.p.h., while the 190-SL, a 2-litre car, is, it is claimed, capable of 118 m.p.h.

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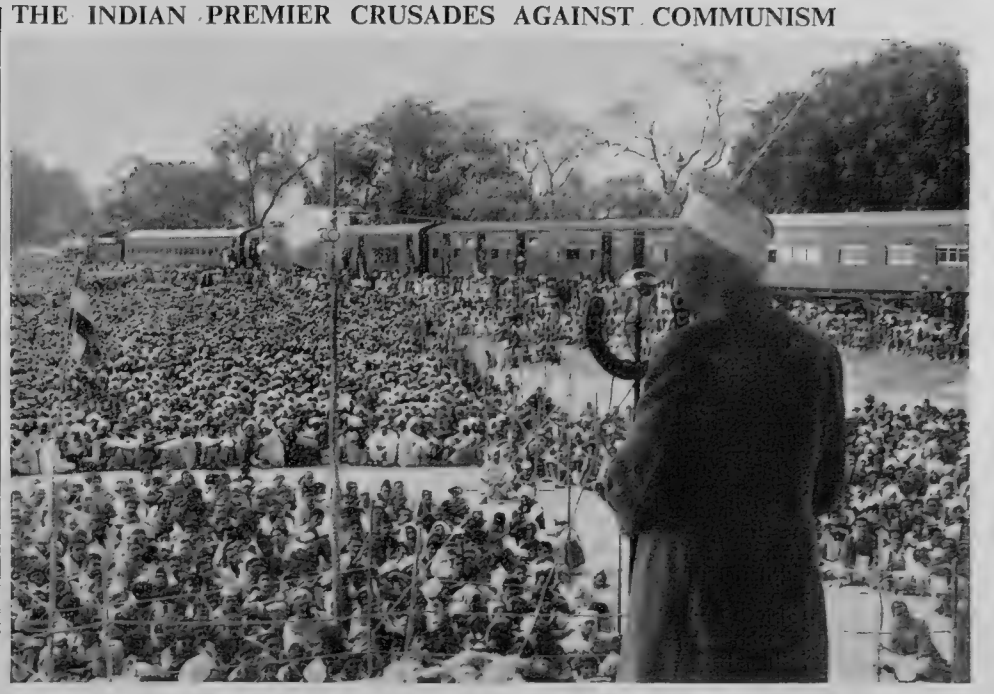
A YUGOSLAV HONOUR FOR HAILE SELASSIE

THE ETHIOPIAN EMPEROR WITH MARSHAL TITO'S REPRESENTATIVE : Emperor Haile Selassie with Colonel-General Peko Dapcevic after he had received the Order of the Grand Star of Yugoslavia in Addis Ababa. General Dapcevic, who is Chief of the Yugoslav General Staff, was on a fourteen-day courtesy visit to Ethiopia as the personal representative of Marshal Tito. The Emperor accepted an invitation to visit Yugoslavia, and expressed satisfaction that he would be able to become acquainted personally with the head of the State and the people of the nation "which we so profoundly and exceptionally honour."

HITLER'S "WIZARD" RETURNS TO PERSIA

DR. SCHACHT VISITS TEHERAN AGAIN : Dr. Hjalmar Schacht seen on arrival at Teheran airport when he came to Persia to advise the Government on financial and economic matters. Dr. Schacht, who was Hitler's financial adviser and has been described as the "wizard" of the Nazi economy, was visiting Persia for the second time. In 1951 he was called in to advise Dr. Mossadek after Britain's withdrawal from Persia. During his latest visit, Dr. Schacht had a long talk with the Persian Prime Minister, General Zahedi, and was also consulted by the Finance and Foreign Ministers. It is believed that Dr. Schacht will offer to help on the oil question besides giving advice on general financial and economic matters. General Zahedi has declared that he is determined to see a speedy settlement of the oil question.

THE INDIAN PREMIER CRUSADES AGAINST COMMUNISM



MR. NEHRU DURING HIS TOUR OF THE P.E.P.S.U. : The Indian Prime Minister addressing a large crowd at Jind, one of the cities of the Patiana and East Punjab States Union, which he had been touring for two days. In the course of his tour, it was estimated that Mr. Nehru had addressed nearly 500,000 voters in twenty out of the forty-eight constituencies in the Union. Mr. Nehru accused the Communists of having degraded political life in P.E.P.S.U. They were responsible for all the local political wrangling. Meanwhile there were riots in Calcutta during the Communist-inspired strike of schoolteachers. Three people were killed and about thirty were injured when police opened fire on demonstrators. There is a danger of Communist elements taking the initiative in State politics.

AN IMPROMPTU RECITAL BY SIGNOR GIGLI

A SCENE THAT MIGHT HAVE COME FROM THE FILMS—SIGNOR GIGLI AT DOVER STATION : Before Press photographers and a television newsreel camera, the great Italian tenor is seen singing an aria from Flotow's *Martha* on the platform at Dover Marine Station. On the right is the Mayor of Dover, Councillor F. Snelgrove. Signor Gigli had just arrived from Paris, and was on his way to London for the beginning of a concert tour of fourteen performances in England under the management of Mr. S. A. Gorlinsky. His first concert was at the Royal Albert Hall. In April Signor Gigli will leave for Ireland.

A DISPUTE AMONG THE ROOSEVELTS

THE CONTESTANTS AT THE COURT BATTLE IN CALIFORNIA : *On left*—Mr. James Roosevelt, extreme right, with his counsel, Mr. Samuel B. Picone, at the court at Pasadena, California, where his wife, Mrs. Romelle Roosevelt, is claiming a separation maintenance allowance of £1,250 a month. At the end of the table can be seen Mrs. Roosevelt with her advisers. *On right*—Mrs. Romelle Roosevelt consulting her counsel, Mr. Arthur Schifferman, in the court-room at Pasadena.

A series of court cases have recently been going on in California concerning a separation allowance for Mrs. Romelle Roosevelt, the second wife of James Roosevelt, who is the eldest son of the late President. Mrs. Roosevelt filed a suit for separate maintenance, claiming £1,250 a month. Mr. Roosevelt has declared that he cannot pay such a sum. At the same time, he was accused by his wife of misconduct with twelve women. He replied that each allegation was completely false and without foundation. Mr. Roosevelt also said that he owed a special apology to nine women whom he mentioned in a letter dated February 1945, and in which he admitted committing misconduct with them. Mr Roosevelt claimed that this letter was signed because he was faced with the alternative of divorce proceedings at a time when his father was heavily burdened with the conduct of the war. There was, he said, no truth in the "confessions" contained in the letter. Mr. James Roosevelt is forty-six and his wife thirty-eight. They have three children.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

FROM VANDERBILT TO HEARST

A Survey by Stewart Holbrook of the Fabulous Fortunes Amassed by Americans; and a Selection of Works of Fiction

WHAT a wonderful word tycoon is, the kind of word that from time to time has to be invented to fit a new situation or a new breed. Mr. Stewart Holbrook has written a long and immensely interesting book devoted to a study of just these tycoons, and the circumstances which produced the word—and them. They may have had their counterparts in Europe or in the East, but THE AGE OF THE MOGULS (Gollancz. 16s.) was an American affair, and only the United States, by the author's reasoning, could have been responsible for it. The first of these extraordinary figures, millionaires, pioneers, exhibitionists and often roughnecks, seems to have been Commodore Vanderbilt, who left more than 100,000,000 dollars, made during and after the Civil War; and the last of them William Randolph Hearst, who left about 400,000,000 dollars, a fortune based not on newspapers, but on a gold-mine. In between them came the other Vanderbilts, the Guggenheim dynasty, the Astors, the Rockefellers, Carnegie, and other amazing characters, including Jim Fisk, the greatest vulgarian of them all, who was murdered in a Broadway hotel.

There was also "Bet-a-million" Gates, who made his first fortune selling barbed wire to Texas ranchers, demonstrating the then new-fangled stuff in an outsize rodeo; Rockefeller, who "invented Big Business," which has been operating American industry ever since, and Ford, who accepted big business and added something to it, so that his theory of wages is now as much a part of American philosophy as big business. In a final chapter, after a brilliant and more or less chronological survey of the acquisition of all this fabulous money, Mr. Holbrook gives the reader an idea of what the moguls did with it, and that has its interest too.

And after all the anecdotes (some of which are really entertaining in an unholy kind of way), and after all the analyses and estimates of means and extravagant ends, comes this dictum of the author's, which might well have been the end of his book:

"*They* were not the idle rich. They were rich enough but never idle. The idle rich were their widows and descendants. The very nature of moguls would not let them be idle, even when they had made their millions. Consider Jim Hill coming out of his private car to wield a shovel in a blizzard, a Swift rising at dawn to check the waste grease at his abattoirs, or a beaver-hatted Du Pont walking his powder lines by starlight. . . . I am naïve enough to think their tremendous drive came from the same source that drove Genghis Khan and Napoleon Bonaparte."

Conquerors all.

I don't know if there are other than English-speaking countries which so enjoy and revere the reminiscences of doctors, or novels by doctors (*cf.* Maugham, Cronin, Brett Young), or, indeed, novels about doctors who *might* have existed. THE SILENT SHORE (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.) is one of the latter; a warmly humane story about a woman doctor and the family in which she interests herself as a specially privileged aunt. Mr. Denis Wylie keeps this forty-year-long saga well on the hither side of sentimentality, and has an almost miraculous sense of dialogue. For instance, his raffish grandfather, who says that he prefers the work of Nat Gould to Euripides. "Difficult to follow at times, but well worth the effort. I read him in the original." Or the Marine corporal who told his unattractive junior that he reminded him very strongly of the First Sea Lord. Asked why he responded bitterly: "He 's gone just about as far as he 's ever likely to get in the Service, and exactly the ruddy same applies to you."

THE MARRIAGE OF AN ACTOR-PLAYWRIGHT: Peter Ustinov and his bride, French actress Suzanne Cloutier, drink a toast after their quiet wedding at Chelsea Register Office. Shortly after the ceremony Mr. Ustinov left for Elstree to continue work on a film. A few days later he and his wife left for the United States, where he is to work for some months.

WILLOUGHBY CARTER (Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d.) is a story with a medical theme too. Mr. Humphrey Pakington tells us in a foreword that the story is almost entirely that of a late surgeon friend of his, but the presentation of it his own. It is remarkably agreeable to be able to see in all truth that both elements are here blended with authority and humour, and a very clear idea of what goes to make up a readable novel. The young man on his way to becoming a surgeon, as a surgeon, and as a surgeon in search of a resident appointment, as well as a young surgeon in love, is an entirely credible creation and I found myself liking him enormously, even at his most goofish moments (as on page 241).

There seems little doubt that Josephine Bell has taken a favourable view of her principal male character in TWO WAYS TO LOVE (Methuen. 12s. 6d.), for although many readers (and I among them) would find him pathologically conceited on a very inadequate performance, and insensitive to the point of brutality, he is, nevertheless, presented as the worthy focus for the infatuations of two adult females. This is one of those cases in which the story is in danger of being lost by the characters and saved by the author, for Josephine Bell's sincerity is so evident, that her writing takes the book out of the category of the passion-ridden travel guide into the thinner and more difficult air of the classic triangle situation.

JOHNNY'S SISTER (Longmans. 10s. 6d.) is a war book, and a very good one, by Mr. Leigh Howard, who writes about an attack on the German's heavy-water plant in occupied Norway. That there was in truth such an heroic venture we know, and that Mr. Churchill wrote on the Special Force report of these men's activities: "What is being done for these brave men in the way of decorations?" The venture in the novel is fictional only, but the author is able to convey an amazing sense of tension, of danger, and of the authentic stuff of war. Curiously enough, the love-story which is introduced into the plot is neither irrelevant nor jarring, but fits into place as a tragic but credible turn of events.

The next three novels are American, French and Spanish. First, HONEY ON THE HILL (Heinemann. 15s.), which is the career story of a highly-paid Washington Mr. Fix-it, the hill in question belonging to the Capitol and the honey being a euphemism for money. Mr. Selig J. Seligman has a crisp style to describe the activities of his hero, who calls himself a Washington consultant, and whose lucrative business is to introduce people to the right people—not socially but Governmentally. Anything from the lease of a flat to a nomination for office may be within his power to achieve, and the whole thing is not only legal but rewarding. In the end, he gets his just deserts, and is denounced for knavery and corruption at a Senate hearing, but until then the pace is fast, and one has an occasional flash of sympathy for this particular fast operator who under-rated his clients.

THE WOMAN WITH NO PAST (Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.) comes from France, where it was awarded the Prix Femina, and is now, in its English translation by Daphne Woodward, an admirable introduction to the work of M. Serge Groussard, a writer of subtlety and quite exceptional objectivity. The setting throughout is made from the changing scenes of the inland canals in France, and the focal point is a barge deliberately and slowly making its way to Paris. The master of the barge, his young mate, and the fugitive woman who comes to join them; these are the actors of the drama about which M. Groussard writes with such effective understatement, and with so little banal sentimentality. Recommended to readers who enjoy fresh impressions.

A village in modern Spain is the scene of Prudencio de Pereda's novel, FIESTA (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.), which tells of a man returning to his village from America, ten years after the end of the Civil War. In a way this is a portrait of a village as truly as a portrait of a man, a portrait of a people, too, still bearing the psychological scars of that war in which Spaniard fought and killed Spaniard. This is not easy reading, not in the obvious sense, but because it is extremely emotional and high-coloured. For the reader with the inquiring mind, however, it will be rewarding in its exposition of a purely Spanish theme.

A TIME TO LAUGH (Deutsch. 8s. 6d.) has the kind of startling opening that predisposes one in a book's favour immediately. "El Miralai Masterson Bey, called the Elephant Strangler, came to Laweyn in the cool of the evening, having been chased up a tree by a lion. The tree was prickly." If ever a stage were set for laughter and tears, this is it, and brilliantly does Mr. Laurence Thompson people that stage with the shy young recruit, Gadein, his relatives whom he leaves behind, and the soldiers and equipment of the British Army that were to remain so mysterious to Gadein during his months in the North African campaign.

From China comes THE VERMILION GATE (Heinemann. 15s.), one of the few, and perhaps the only book I have ever read in which revolution is brought to a cosy, domestic level. Mr. Lin Yutang writes about the Muslim Rebellion of the early '30's, before China felt the threat of Communism, and he has chosen Sinkiang and the old capital of Si-An as the background to his tale of lovers in adversity. He writes compassionately about people caught up in a barely explicable struggle and, as always, tells a story well

Mr. Beverley Nichols has written his first murder mystery and has created a very agreeable amateur sleuth for the purpose, one Mr. Green. I was sorry to read that he was not in his first youth, and hope that Mr. Nichols can keep him in health long enough to officiate unofficially in a series of detections. Mr. Green is original in getting his clues through music and through his sense of smell, and he greatly enlivens the pages of NO MAN'S STREET (Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.)

Mr. Fred Blackburn, M.P. for Stalybridge and Hyde, a former schoolteacher and a Lancastrian, is quite evidently not an experienced biographer, and his life of GEORGE TOMLINSON (Heinemann. 16s.) is indeed a most disjointed affair, with more than one vast digression, although rudely knit together with some grand anecdotes. It must not be thought, however, that Mr. Blackburn has failed in his task of presenting a very clear picture of George Tomlinson. Perhaps because he shares so many interests in common with the man about whom he writes, Mr. Blackburn is deeply convincing. In this volume he shows us one of the best-loved figures of his generation, the Lancashire cotton worker who rose to be Minister of Works and then Minister of Education; who had a story for every occasion, an inexhaustible fund of goodwill at the disposal of his fellowmen, and a spirit of public service which brought him up steadily through the ranks of local government to national affairs. When he became Minister of Education George Tomlinson reached the fulfilment of his ambition; this was not the stepping-stone to higher office. It was what he had wanted all his life. Of the many stories Mr. Blackburn recounts, perhaps the best show the happy relationship between George Tomlinson as Minister of Works and King George VI, the monarch who was told to wait his turn for the repair of blitzed Palace windows and was told to get to work first on repairing the kitchens "because nobody would work in them kitchens except out of loyalty." George Tomlinson regarded himself as George VI's landlord, or so he said, and landlord and tenant obviously enjoyed the situation hugely.

Christopher Lloyd, Senior Lecturer at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, has written a brief but admirable survey of British naval life and policy, under the title of THE NATION AND THE NAVY (Cresset Press. 18s.).

KING GEORGE'S LANDLORD

Fred Blackburn's Life of George Tomlinson

His descriptive chapters relating to Tudor, Stuart, Georgian and Victorian times show very clearly the nature of the sailor's lot. In the Navy's greatest period, at the time of Nelson, conditions afloat were so bad that mutiny was a daily expectation, and Britain only maintained her supremacy by virtue of a hard core of officers who have never been equalled for the high quality of their leadership and courage. Mr. Lloyd carries his story through to modern times, showing how leadership of the sea has passed from Britain but clearly remains in the guardianship of the English-speaking peoples. "The flag has been dipped," he says, "but not hauled down."

The story of Mrs. Leonowens, the Caernarvon girl who lost her Army officer husband through a heat-stroke and all her money in the Indian Mutiny, and then earned a living teaching the children of King Mongkut of Siam, provides the dramatic theme for the Drury Lane musical comedy, *The King and I*. The reminiscences of Mrs. Leonowens were first published in 1870, and now these recollections of six years spent in the Royal Palace of Bangkok are republished under the title THE ENGLISH GOVERNESS AT THE SIAMESE COURT (Arthur Barker. 15s.). Mrs. Leonowens was very much more than a governess: she became, indeed, almost a secretary to the temperamental and wayward King, and more important than that, the protector of the women and children of the Royal household from the King's sudden and inexplicable outbursts of wrath, when he was wont to resort to the lash and the torture chamber to satisfy no more than a passing whim. The governess was never afraid to oppose the King in his more outrageous caprices, and the King in turn used her services to the full. This strange partnership of pitilessly exacting Asian King and strong-minded Welsh governess came to an end after six tumultuous years, but even then it took Mrs. Leonowens six months to get the King's permission to depart. Mrs. Leonowens differs from the historic view of King Mongkut, who is generally regarded as having been an enlightened ruler and a capable administrator. Perhaps she saw his domestic background too closely, but she certainly set down what she did see with rare literary skill, and a deep sense of humanity

The East End of London from Shoreditch to Mile End and Stepney is now a wilderness so far as the theatre is concerned, yet for a long period, beginning in the sixteenth century, it was an area in which the theatre and music halls flourished exceedingly. It was, in fact, the birthplace of the London theatre. After the suppression of the theatres and the Restoration, Goodman's Fields Theatre was built in 1729 and it was there that Garrick, the greatest of all English actors, made his stage debut. In EAST END ENTERTAINMENT (Arthur Barker. 30s.), A. E. Wilson covers this exciting period in dramatic history, looking back to the days when the song saloons and the music halls were filled and the penny gaffs and side-shows never lacked their patrons

C Willett and Phillis Cunnington are joint authors of a HANDBOOK OF ENGLISH COSTUME IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY (Faber and Faber. 30s.). This volume will prove an indispensable guide to all who need trustworthy information on the period, the sequence of sixteenth-century fashion being very carefully shown in a series of line drawings

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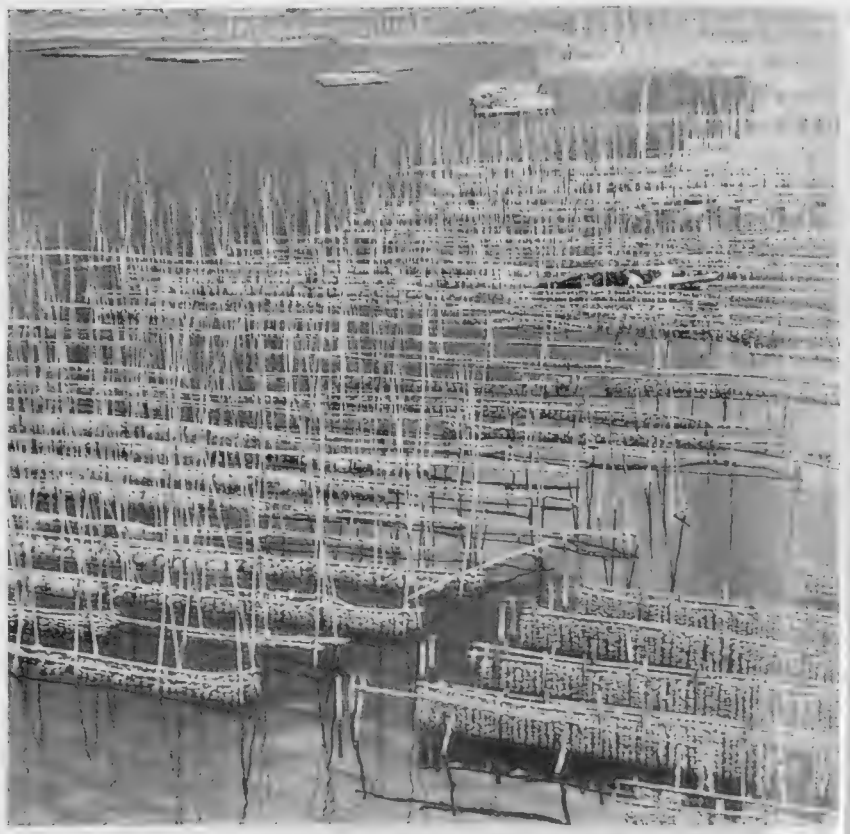
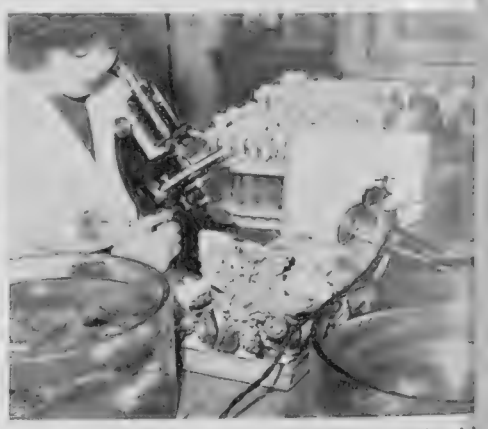


OYSTER-FISHING NEAR HIROSHIMA—A GENERAL VIEW OF SOME OF THE OYSTER-BED ON THE INLAND SEA: The Japanese city of Hiroshima, which will be grimly remembered by civilisation as the first city on which an atomic bomb was used, has, on its outskirts, a flourishing industry of oyster-growing.

The Japanese city of Hiroshima, which has now almost completely recovered from the terrible effects of the atomic bomb, is a city of many small industries, and among these is that of oyster farming. The Inland Sea, on which Hiroshima stands, has all the conditions needed for growing oysters: the temperature is warm and constant, the sea is calm, so that the beds are not disturbed unduly, and there is an abundance of plankton—the minute animal cells on which the oysters feed. The majority of the oysters produced (about 80 per cent.) is sold on the home market, and the remainder is exported mainly to America and Canada, where, although the oysters are smaller than the European variety, they are regarded as delicacies. In the season when the oysters are gathered, many part-time workers, most of them women, come to the beach from Hiroshima and other towns in the area to help.

STRINGING THE SEED MATERIAL: These shells, called by the Japanese "itaya ga," are suspended in the brine around the oyster-beds.



KEEPING AN EYE ON THE OYSTERS: This girl from the Prefecture of Marine Products at Hiroshima is examining an oyster for impurities and other blemishes under a microscope.

EXAMINING THE BEDS AT LOW TIDE: When the tide is in, the beds are completely covered with water. The gentle tide variation in the Inland Sea is another important factor contributing to successful oyster-growing.

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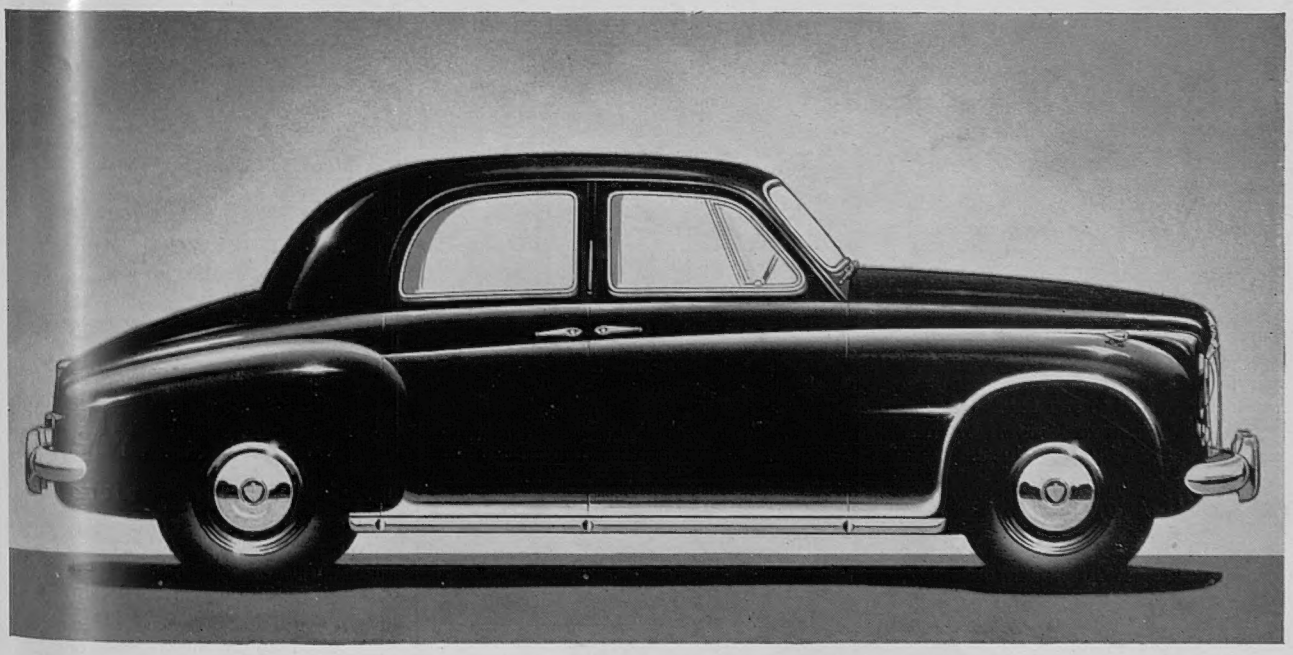

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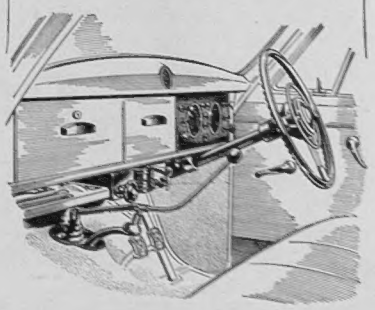

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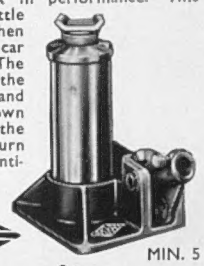

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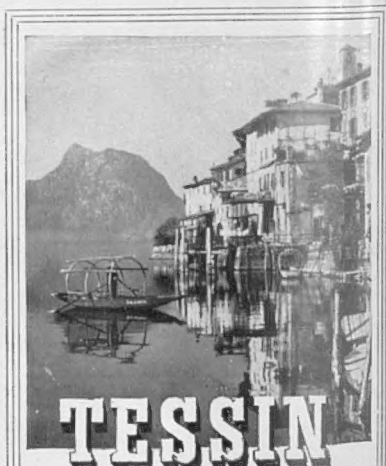

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2.*

WHAT little we know of Britain. Yet never in her history were there such opportunities as there exist to-day to view places which for generations have been a closed book. During this coming spring and summer an increasing number of baronial mansions will, on payment of a small fee, be open for our inspection. Then, thanks to The National Gardens Scheme, hundreds of private gardens will be on view on stated days, and the Queen's Institute for retired district nurses will be the principal benefactors. Again, throughout the country are large numbers of properties bequeathed to the National Trust, and the 1954 National Trust Calendar is a daily reminder that there is much yet to be discovered and enjoyed on our native soil.

These two organisations, whose addresses are given below, can supply the background for plotting many pleasant itineraries, and it but remains for me to offer my services in suggesting hotels and inns as comfortable bases.

Hertfordshire is, in spite of its industrial importance, a land of much hidden promise. Of its big estates, Hatfield House and Knebworth House will be again the focus of public interest, and for those who would like to see over these houses prior to the rush hours, I can recommend for clean and attractive surroundings, for home-cooked fare and personal service, the unlicensed Salisbury Arms Hotel, Hatfield, where Mr. J. H. Bullen, his mother and their partner, Mr. Dallimore, will make you welcome and comfortable.

From the third week in April to the second week in September, a number of private gardens are, by kind permission of their owners, open to the public on stated Sundays. The grounds of The Priory at Hitchen, and Hexton Manor near Hitchin, are well worth inspection. You can stay comfortably at The Sun, Hitchin, an historic building in itself, and now under the same control as the well-known Cromwell at Stevenage.

There are several delightful gardens around Royston, as, for example, The Rookery and Earl's Hill place, Royston. For comfort and good service note The Banyers Hotel.

For the lover of wood, heath and down, The National Trust affords us the pleasure of rambling over the Ashridge Estate, three miles north of Berkhamsted. Here, The Bridgewater Arms at Little Gaddesden supplies those characteristics of the Trust House organisation—cleanliness, comeliness and other creature comforts. Stepping over the border into Buckinghamshire, my National Trust map draws my attention to a most photogenic acquisition—Long Crendon Courthouse, two miles north of Thame via B.4011. This fourteenth-century courthouse, or staple hall, contains many fine old beams and trusses, and its half-timbered exterior courts the photographer. Stay and have a meal in the old-world market town of Thame, where my choice for you is the Black Horse.

Each month of the year carries its photographic allurement in this year's National Trust Almanac.

Dora's Field, the scene of Wordsworth's poem "The Daffodils," is the subject of the April picture. A good centre for the Lake District, apart from Bowness-on-Windermere and Keswick, is Grasmere. Here, for restful repose after a day's sightseeing, I have recommended for a number of years Dale Lodge Hotel, run by Mrs. M. Napier. In the same neighbourhood is another of my recommendations, Gold Rill Guest House, where Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Straw personally see to it that their guests feel at home and send them out on expeditions with packed lunches that win pæans of praise.

Turning over another leaf, my eye was arrested by a view of the moated Oxburgh Hall, which will be found 7 miles south-west of Swaffham, in the county of Norfolk. There are many who have never heard of this fine specimen of domestic architecture. It was for 450 years the home of the Bedingfield family, and only came into the care of the National Trust in 1952. The Gatehouse, with its magnificent 80-ft. tower rising sheer from the moat, is open from Easter to September 30 on Sundays, Thursdays, Saturdays and Bank Holidays from 2 to 6 p.m. Fortunately, there is a pleasant small hotel hereabouts, The George at Swaffham, which would make a comfortable base from which to explore King's Lynn and the grounds and gardens of Sandringham, open at stated times, usually every Wednesday from June to September (unless Her Majesty is in residence).

Norfolk has much else to interest the tourist beyond sailing on its Broads or basking on its seashore. Bird-watchers need hardly reminding of the intriguing possibilities of Blakeney Point and Scolt Head Island, homes of the oyster-catcher, royal plover, redshank, sheld-duck, etc.

Where to stay? I have two admirable places for you. At Blakeney, the Blakeney Hotel, where those experienced hoteliers, Mr. and Mrs. Paguot, are at the helm. Many will remember them at Reid's Palace Hotel, Madeira, and here, in a bracing, as against a balmy, climate they are exercising their gifts as friendly hosts.

To reach Scolt Head one takes a boat from Brancaster Staithe Harbour, a short walk from The Dormy House Hotel, skippered by Lieut.-Commander Freeland. The Dormy House is very popular amongst golfers as it is close to the eighteen-hole Brancaster links, which is playable on all the year round. Here bird-watchers, sailing enthusiasts, family holiday-makers, all forgather in the congenial environment of cocktail bar and lounge and exchange experiences of the day's happenings.

Addresses:

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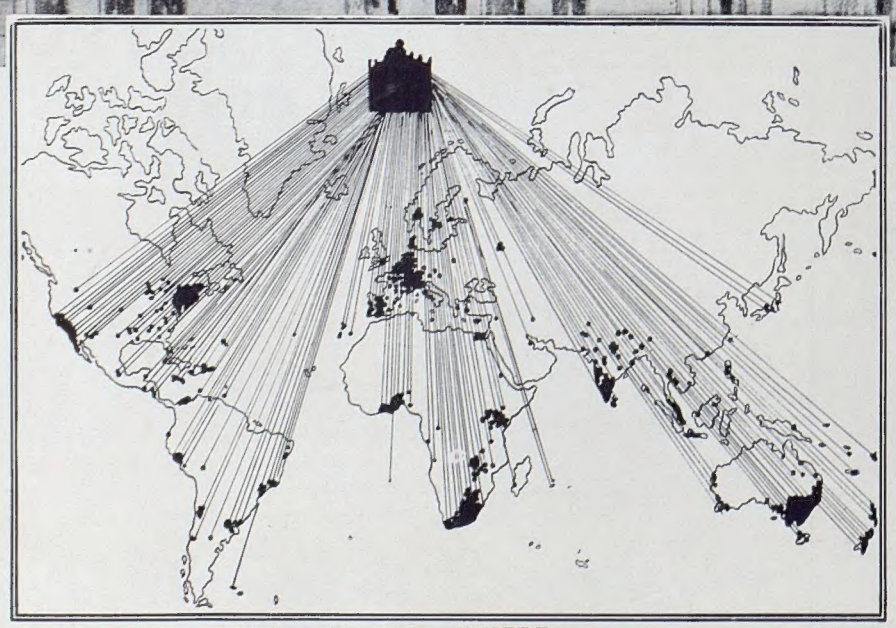

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